

THE
ECLECTIC
AND
CONGREGATIONAL REVIEW.

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THE ECLECTIC, ETC.

I.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.*

MR. FITZPATRICK has gathered from a great variety of sources the material for a very readable book, which may beguile an afternoon in an arm-chair, and may furnish us with a text for a few words upon the life of the great Archbishop of the English establishment, who ought, upon his own principles, as developed in his work entitled *The Kingdom of Christ*, to have been a dissenting and congregational clergyman. Of course, Mr. Fitzpatrick has had no more opportunity of knowing the Archbishop than ten thousand other persons; it does not appear that he has had any entrance into his confidence, or even acquaintance; and with the Archbishop's family he would not, from one or two hints, appear to be on the best of terms; probably they resent this intrusion of a stranger upon their own ground, especially as it is understood that Miss Whately is engaged in preparing a life of her distinguished parent: still, Mr. Fitzpatrick has collected together a number of things readable and even interesting. He is, very evidently, a Roman Catholic, but writes with entire freedom from all party bitterness; he appears to admire the Archbishop if he does not understand him; he has fathered upon him many happy pieces of wit which are the property of quite other brains; for instance, Whately's description of the average popular sermon, "when a man aims at nothing, and hits it," is Robert Hall's. We should say Mr. Fitzpatrick is mighty in the department of scissors and paste; and his book is, for the most part, the

* *Memoirs of Richard Whately, Archbishop of Dublin; with a Glance at his Contemporaries and Times.* By William John Fitzpatrick, J. P. In 2 vols. Richard Bentley.

Miscellaneous Remains from the Commonplace Book of Richard Whately, late Archbishop of Dublin; being a Collection of Notes and Essays made during the Preparation of his various Works. Edited by Miss E. J. Whately. Longmans.

gathering of all the *on dits* and the obituary notices which appeared at the time of the Archbishop's death.

Miss Whately's book is, of course, of a very different order, and has another and a higher claim. Here we have the old Archbishop's bones of thought before they were clothed upon by what there was of flesh in his style (which, indeed, was never much), and before they became fitted into the symmetry and shape of his various volumes. It is, indeed, a very delightful little book; we thank Miss Whately for presenting us with this, to whet and freshen our anticipations of the work to which we shall look for the adequate embodiment of her father's remains and character. Had Mr. Fitzpatrick condensed his two volumes into some such bulkless collection of Whatelyana, our gratitude to him would have increased with the curtailment of the occasion for it.

Richard Whately was born at Nonsuch Park, Surrey, February 1st, 1786. The famous old Nonsuch has yielded now to a handsome Gothic mansion; the father of the Archbishop, who resided there, was the Rev. Joseph Whately; he belonged to a family in many ways not undistinguished—the blood of very different celebrities in their day flowed down and mixed in the veins of Whately. It seems very consistent with such a gloriously stiff tough piece of contradiction as he was, that, while one of his ancestors was a high Oxford churchman, publishing prayers and sermons, another was the famous William Whately, the great Puritan preacher of Stratford-on-Avon. Connected with the family, also, were doctors of medicine as well as of divinity; and one of them makes himself celebrated by *An Account of Two extraordinary Polypi removed from the Nose*. We do not find many memorials preserved of his early days; neither, at first, does he appear to have achieved the greatest successes at Oxford; it is noticeable, however, that he obtained a double second in the same year that Sir Robert Peel, Bishop Gilbert, and Dean Conybeare were first. Oriel was his college, the famous school of speculative thought, soon to acquire new famousness as the home and field of John Henry Newman's mind-life. John Keble, it seems, was a class-mate of Richard Whately; but the author of *The Christian Year* won a double first at the age of eighteen, and is still remembered at Oxford as the "Boy Bachelor." Wondrously different ways went the two classmates, both leaders of men in very opposite paths: one carried vigorous thought, resolute and intrepid enquiry, to the very borders of rationalism—some would say he scarcely stopped short even at that point; the other first revived the mystical spirit of mediæval song, and was, perhaps, the first of the great influences conducting back his university and his

country to Romanism. At a later time, John Henry Newman tells—in the charming book we reviewed last month, *The Apologia*—how he was influenced by Whately; how they walked together; how he has a sense of obligation to him; then, how he grew afraid of him, and how they separated. We can well understand how that eternally twitching and inquisitive and unsettleable nature shrunk before the sharp points of Whately's wit and common sense; and so it happened that, in later life, after Newman was received to the bosom of the mighty mother, when he was Principal of the Catholic University of Ireland, and Whately was Archbishop of Dublin, they lived opposite to each other; but the old fellow-students and fellow-helpers not only held no intercourse, but during the whole period of their residence never met.

A splendid cluster of men lived in Oxford in those days. In addition to those we have mentioned, were Copleston, Davison, Arnold, Mant, Wilberforce, Hawkins, Hampden, and Pusey. Copleston seems to have been Whately's closest and most abiding friend; he became afterwards Bishop of Llandaff; he seems never to have performed anything adequate to his reputation and his genius. He had an amazing plenitude of mental gifts, but he indolently pursued his own way with them. Whately always boasted of his indebtedness to Copleston, and even of himself said, his "ideas had been transplanted to his friend's mind, but received back again in a state of fructification, of which he had no suspicion when they were in his own ground." There was no indolence in Whately; he knew that "indolence begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains;" and when pressed upon by an excess of mental labour, he only alternated it by manual; he was wont, in the emergencies of a severe headache, to refresh himself by digging, or cutting down a tree; and the anecdote is repeated here of the old man seen at work in the Archbishop's grounds, exciting from the lips of the onlooker some rather unfavourable commentaries upon the supposed want of philanthropy exhibited in permitting so old a man to engage in such severe toil—the commentator was rather surprised when told that it was the Archbishop himself, and that that severe toil was his cure for a severe headache. In 1819 appeared the little pamphlet with which Whately's name will always be associated—perhaps the most famous piece of his writing—*The Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte*. It anticipated, by many years, the work of Strauss; as Strauss gathered up and focalised much of the same kind of floating scepticism in Germany. The object of *The Historic Doubts* was to show the fallacy of sceptical criticism in general; it prevailed consi-

derably in Oxford, and even Pusey himself, in his earlier years, had been suspected of neology. The object of Whately was to show that it is possible to give a philosophic denial to the most notable facts of history, as well as the leading statements of Christianity; it is certainly a startling performance. After recapitulating the leading circumstances of the Napoleon career, he plunges *in media res*.

In the midst of these controversies, the preliminary question, concerning the *existence* of this extraordinary personage, seems never to have occurred to any one as a matter of doubt; and to show even the smallest hesitation in admitting it, would probably be regarded as an excess of scepticism; *on the ground that this point has always been taken for granted* by the disputants on all sides, being indeed implied by the very nature of their disputes. Let it then be allowed us, as is surely reasonable, just to inquire, with respect to the extraordinary story I have been speaking of, on what evidence we believe it. We shall be told that it is *notorious*; i. e. in plain English, it is very *much talked about*. But as the generality of those who talk about Buonaparte do not even pretend to speak from *their own authority*, but merely to repeat what they have casually heard, we cannot reckon them as in any degree witnesses; but must allow ninety-nine hundredths of what we are told, to be mere hear-say, which would not be at all the more worthy of credit even if it were repeated by ten times as many more. As for those who profess to have *personally known* Napoleon Buonaparte, and to have *themselves witnessed* his transactions, I write not for them: *if any such there be*, who are inwardly conscious of the truth of all they relate, I have nothing to say to them, but to beg that they will be tolerant and charitable towards their neighbours, who have not the same means of ascertaining the truth; and who may well be excused for remaining doubtful about such extraordinary events, till most unanswerable proofs shall be adduced.

We may presume that this pamphlet is well known, and has been the foundation of much study to our readers. Really it needs reading again. Published before Strauss or Rénan were heard of—before the latter of these gentlemen was born—it still remains an *argumentum ad hominem*. The following is an illustration of his striking way of putting his audacious argument:—

There is one more circumstance which I cannot forbear mentioning, because it so much adds to the air of fiction which pervades every part of this marvellous tale; and that is, the *nationality* of it. Buonaparte prevailed over all the hostile states in turn, *except England*; in the zenith of his power, his fleets were swept from the sea, *by England*; his troops always defeat an equal, and frequently even a superior number of those of any other nation, *except the English*; and with them it is just the reverse; twice, and twice only, he is personally engaged against an *English Commander*, and both times he is totally defeated; at Acre and at

Waterloo; and, to crown all, *England* finally crushes this tremendous power, which has so long kept the continent in subjection or in alarm, and to the *English* he surrenders himself prisoner! Thoroughly national to be sure! It *may* be all very true; but I would only ask *if* a story *had* been fabricated for the express purpose of amusing the English nation, could it have been contrived more ingeniously? It would do admirably for an epic poem; and indeed bears a considerable resemblance to the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*; in which Achilles and the Greeks, *Æneas* and the Trojans, (the ancestors of the Romans,) are so studiously held up to admiration. Buonaparte's exploits seem magnified in order to enhance the glory of his conquerors; just as Hector is allowed to triumph during the absence of Achilles, merely to give additional splendour to his overthrow by the arm of that invincible hero. Would not this circumstance alone render a history rather *suspicious* in the eyes of an acute critic, even if it were not filled with such gross improbabilities; and induce him to suspend his judgment, till very satisfactory evidence (far stronger than can be found in this case) should be produced. Is it then too much to demand of the wary academic a suspension of judgment as to the "life and adventures of Napoleon Buonaparte?" I do not pretend to *decide* positively that there is not, nor ever was, any such person; but merely to propose it as a *doubtful* point, and one the more deserving of careful investigation, from the very circumstance of its having hitherto been admitted without inquiry.

Very remarkably too, to sustain himself, he even appeals to contemporary printed documents and records. Thus:—

The principal Parisian journal, the *Moniteur*, in the number published on the *very day* (in the year 1814) on which the allied armies are said to have entered Paris as conquerors, makes *no* mention of any such event, nor alludes at all to any military transactions, but is entirely occupied with criticisms on some *theatrical performances*. Now this may be considered as equivalent to a positive contradiction of the received accounts.—Page 79, 13th edition.

Miss Whately, in her valuable little volume, has published a paper of which the world has heard, but which probably never saw the light before, as its argument had not satisfied its author altogether. It is an admirable companion to the *Historic Doubts*, devoted to an analysis of *Robinson Crusoe*. It is an argument to show that *Robinson Crusoe* could not be true; its purpose being further to illustrate that no fiction, however carefully constructed, can stand the test of a critical investigation. *Robinson Crusoe*, perhaps, of all works of fiction has been most successful, as Defoe was indeed most remarkable for his unequalled command over details for the purpose of giving the appearance of reality to his fictions. It would seem that Whately had intended from this paper to erect his argument on the evidences for the truth of Old Testament story. In 1822,

he received the pastoral charge of Hailsworth, in Suffolk; also of Chediston, in Norfolk. The *Saturday Review* expresses its opinion, that when Whately left Oxford, the University felt it had got rid of a nightmare. He was, indeed, to a certain order of men, a most uncomfortable thinker—common sense is a most unpleasant thing to people who are incessantly searching for arguments to sustain old abuses; but he left Oxford only for a short season, and never, in fact, until he was elevated to the Bench. His Bampton Lectures *On the Use and Abuse of Party in Religion* increased his fame, while, certainly, it seems a singular subject for such a purpose. He became Master of St. Alban's Hall, and, in 1830, gave really a proof of his heroism in accepting, in such a place as Oxford, the Professorship of Political Economy, his favourite science—the subject in Oxford of every formidable prejudice, accused of being dry, worthless, unfavourable to religion, and a check to charity. The course of lectures he delivered has passed through many editions, and forms one of the most compendious and simple introductions to the study; he had not, however, held the chair much more than twelve months, when the death of Archbishop Magee left the diocese of Dublin vacant, and, of course, interested curiosity was wide awake and keenly speculative as to his successor.

Whately was one of the last men thought upon; it was supposed he would live and die an academician; it would seem he had not the winning graces which ensure a man courtly patronage. The Whigs were powerful; and that was a day when Holland House had great influence; he had not won the favourable regards of Lady Holland. Lord Holland told Guizôt that "Whately was indiscreet in his sincerity." Lady Holland was a brilliant and clever woman, and has received a large share of praise and admiration from writers like Thomas Moore, Sydney Smith, and Lord Macaulay, who were among the chief pets of her circle; but Lady Holland could love to patronise, and when people would not be patronised she could snub; but when she tried to snap at Whately, it is said, her teeth encountered sparkling granite; so the springs of Holland House were not touched to favour his promotion. But he represented a strong intelligence, a power to advance Popular Education, a largeness and liberality of soul, eminently needed to tranquillize Ireland; and so the little world, that cares for such things, was astounded one day, and struck dumb with the news that Whately was a full blown archbishop. The step was not permitted to the ministry without much severe animadversion; it was to the calm sagacity of Earl Grey, that the Irish Church and the Bench of Bishops were indebted for this appointment, which resulted in so much

benefit to the one and dignity to the other. He contrasted greatly with his predecessor, who, although very well known, and somewhat deservedly, by his work on the Atonement, does not commend himself much to us as an archbishop. He was a very fair type of a Low Churchman, inferior in birth, and, of course, standing with pre-eminent stateliness and stiffness upon all the ceremonialisms of his station; he was very orthodox, which, of course, with him as with most Low Churchmen, means exceedingly intolerant and bigoted. He would have been horrified indeed at the intimate and almost affectionate terms upon which his successor lived with the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, the estimable Dr. Murray. Like Low Church bishops in general, he had an intense and most orthodox regard for money, and contrasts strikingly with his successor in this point also. The prim, smooth, evangelical, and antithetical Archbishop wore the mitre only nine years, and, although quite inferior by birth and adventitious circumstances to Whately, died worth £46,000. The hard-headed, cold, clear, and, as some thought, not most orthodox Archbishop reigned thirty-two years, and yet, with a large income resulting besides from the sale of his innumerable books, died worth £39,000. Mr. Fitzpatrick has certainly drawn no favourable portrait of Archbishop Magee, and we do not doubt that he simply expresses the truth when he says, "could the Archbishop have but conceived some of the things his successor would perpetrate in intimacies and tolerations of Roman Catholics, &c., &c., he would have fanned himself with a religious tract before going off in hysterics." Our readers do not need to be told how the Archbishop set to work in real earnest, so soon as he took possession of his diocese. He found many things against him. In the course of his work, he did many things for which we shall not be expected either to pat him on the back or respond Amen; but he was a great, real-hearted, and strong-minded man. As he went along, he felt every foot of ground firm beneath his own tread and we give our admiration to the reality, where we dissent very widely from the action. We have, for instance, very little sympathy with his Charge to his clergy upon the Cholera in 1832, in which he distinctly enjoined his clergy to run themselves into no danger in the way of visitation; he goes on to tell them that a Roman Catholic trusts in the efficacy of extreme unction, so he is bound to apply to his priest, when in dying circumstances, to administer it. The priest, of course, believes in its efficacy, and he is bound to go, but Protestantism has nothing corresponding to extreme unction. He puts aside altogether the possibility of a death-bed repentance, after an irreligious life, when the mind

is enfeebled by bodily weakness and distracted by bodily pain; he tells the Protestant that he is bound to abstain from exposing his pastor to the risk of infection, reminding him when the foolish virgins in the parable found their lamps going out, it was in vain that they applied to their companions for assistance, just when the Bridegroom was at hand—thus, in effect, Dr. Whately said to those sick of the cholera, “don’t send for the minister,” and to the minister he said, “don’t go”—this is a specimen of the way in which the new Archbishop began to horrify prejudices in his out-spoken fashion. We beg to say, without arguing the matter with the Archbishop at all, we have no sympathy with this definition of the ministerial duties to the sick room; it is quite probable that the benefit in cases of cholera may be usually less than trifling, but there is comfort to the sufferer, even if he be a believer; there is a possibility of calming and soothing the minds of the surviving sufferers too. A minister in a sick room should have something of the effect of an anodyne in a fever. But we cite this as an illustration of the Archbishop’s frequent magnanimous wrong-headedness. In other things he exhibited the same magnanimity of utterance, but in sentiments more congenial to our own feelings. Considering how Romanism had been persecuted in Ireland, and how Catholics were, until just before his elevation, a very much contemned people, it was very fine that frequent saying of his, “when praying that God’s servants may be hurt by no persecutions, let us not forget to pray for the still more important blessing of being preserved from hurting others by persecution.” He was a strange body, this Archbishop; he says, “I think that a Catholic is a member of Christ’s Church just as much as I am, and I could well endure one form of that Church in Ireland and another in England.” After this, perhaps, it was quite well also that he should say, “if Jesus Christ were now on earth, there are many professing Christians who would call Him a Latitudinarian.” As a preacher, Whately will, of course, bear no comparison with those mighty masters of consummate cajolery, who, like Dean Kirwan, turn the pulpit into an arena of mere display; hard, strong, sometimes paradoxical, thought characterized him. He filled a world of interest and observation to those who were able to be interested and to observe. The epigram of Rogers was really not deserved.

“Whately has got no heart, ’tis said, but we deny it;
He has a heart, and gets his sermons by it.”

He laid it down as an essential principle, in his rhetoric, that the orator should so concentrate his attention on the creations

of the mind, as to entirely forget the outward manner ; but we can scarcely believe that he ever used his legs in the way Mr. Fitzpatrick describes, especially in the earlier part of his preaching life, when he convulsed audiences with laughter by managing to work about one of his legs until it hung over the side of the pulpit—probably this is an exaggeration, as it certainly seems an impossibility. He was, however, as eccentric in his manner as he was sober in his matter in preaching. His sermons we need not dwell upon. All his works have the same calm, clearly expressed vividness ; he had the happy art of making the most difficult and abstruse subject clear by his transparent English style ; his works are so interesting to us that we feel a proportionate interest in the man—so much pith and point ; so much luminousness and aphoristic strength seem to point to a mind, the course of whose development and manifestation we should feel a pleasure in studying—subtlety and practicalness had an equal hold upon him. Again, we have inferred all along his honesty of purpose ; it is indicated in such an anecdote as the following :—

A puffy parson from Donegal, with more hat than head, one day swaggered into the model school, and in loud and pompous accents requested that a teacher of unexceptionable acquirements should be trotted out before him. “In addition to his duties,” he added, “he should act as parish clerk, assist the sexton, care the registries, and be capable of leading the chorus in my church.” An inspector inquired, “What amount of salary the rev. gentleman would consider equitable for these varied services ?” “Five pounds a year,” he replied, “in addition, of course, to his pay from the Board.” “Here is the Archbishop himself,” proceeded the inspector, “and you had better tell him the exact sort of person you require.” Dr. Whately heard the litany of accomplishments recited, with the remuneration proposed. “You can get beer at any price, sir,” said his Grace ; “small price, small beer—but I tell you, sir, you disgrace the cloth you wear and the diocese from which you come.”

But he never could be taught good behaviour.

He did not like to see a man turning up the whites of his eyes during dinner or other social hours ; and when the Bishop of O —, one day at his own table, was descanting in a tone more suitable to a Prie Dieu than the easy chair in which he sat, Dr. Whately, dropping his knife and fork, suddenly exclaimed, “Do you know the best way of dressing cabbage ?” and, without waiting for a reply, entered into an elaborate and instructive detail regarding its culture, from the sowing of the seed to the culinary preparation of the plant.

In the National Board of Education, the presence of the Duke of Leinster, Lord Plunkett, the Lord Chancellor, and other such

persons, could never prevent him from indulging in the odd habit of placing his legs on the table round which they sat, throwing his chair back, making it rest entirely on its two hind legs, and so making it oscillate to and fro; and for years after his retirement from the Board, the breach in the carpet was pointed out as the result of this extraordinary chair exercise. Invited out to dine at the Lord Lieutenant's, he would beguile the interval before dinner by paring and pruning his nails with a pair of scissors he always carried in his pocket-book. Dining with Lord Anglesea, and arriving before the bulk of the guests, he would draw his arm-chair before the fire, and stretch to the uttermost his legs, until his heels seemed to repose among the articles of *vertu* on the mantel-piece. A decidedly queer archbishop; but after this ludicrous exhibition of the outer man, it is just to him to remember how these strange characteristics were probably the result of that ever restless, ever harmonizing thought; and he has himself furnished, without intending it, an apology for himself in describing the necessity under which the mind is, in its moments of activity, for finding some bodily outlet and exercise. The writing desk of Napoleon Buonaparte is said to be deeply notched all over with his pen-knife, and the idle writing upon blotting paper, and the restless pacing to and fro in a study, and the feminine resource of the needle, and the notching and whittling of a stick, are all illustrations, not of the mind in idleness, but of the mind intensely employed.

"It is a fact, and a very curious one," writes Dr. Whately himself, "that many people find they can best attend to any serious matter when they are occupied with something else, that requires a little, and but a little, attention; such as working with the needle (which, by the bye, gives the woman a great advantage over men), cutting open paper-leaves, or, for want of such employment, fiddling anyhow with the fingers (which most are prone to when earnestly engaged). Now, as the best philosophers are agreed, that the mind cannot actually attend to more than one thing at a time, but when it so appears, is, in reality, shifting with prodigious rapidity backwards and forwards from one to the other, it seems strange that attention to one train of ideas should be aided by this continual, though unperceived, distraction to another. The truth is, I conceive, that it is next to impossible to keep the mind closely fixed to any one train of thought, *except for a very short time*; and that, when we suppose this to be the case, there are, in reality, continual little digressions; which frequently do not (often do) leave a trace on the memory; which are excited, either by some casual association with one of the ideas of the train, or by bodily sensations, and from which the attention is continually returning to its former course. If any one first attends to any subject, as he thinks, exclusively, and afterwards beginning to

cut open paper-leaves finds that he attends no worse than before, it seems quite evident that he did not before attend *more exclusively* than after; and consequently that he had then, though he knew it not, his attention as much drawn off by extraneous objects. Taking it then for granted, that we seldom, or never, can prevent entirely those occasional wanderings of attention, and never can wholly confine our thoughts to the main object, the best way, therefore, must be to present to them some subordinate object, which shall be just interesting enough to withhold our attention from those objects, which our roving senses are perpetually apt to present to us, and yet not enough to draw off much of our attention (such as needlework, to one who is familiar with it, but not to a child who is just learning it); and this subordinate object will not only draw off our attention from the surrounding objects of sense, but will also check those wandering thoughts which are suggested by the principal train of ideas; for being associated with this principal train, it will form a sort of topical memory, and will thus perpetually recall us to what we are about. Hence the great advantage of some such employment as needlework, turning, &c. Hence, too, though it is reckoned uncivil, when another is reading or speaking to you, to look out of the window or play with a dog, as implying inattention, yet we should be aware that it does not necessarily imply any such thing. Hence, too, the chief advantage of meditating on paper; the act of writing withholds the attention; and the words written are more even than the above topical kind of memory, for they present to you the past part of the trains—first, in regular order; secondly, connected with them, not by an extemporaneous association, as above, but by an established and habitual one.”

It will be said, has been said most likely a thousand times, that he was too much under the dominion of the mere understanding. He had a great faith that children should only be taught what they could understand—here again we should have a most cogent quarrel with him. “When Mrs. Whately and “I got married,” said he, “one of the first things that we “agreed upon was, that should Providence send us children, we “would never teach them anything they did not understand.” “Not even their prayers, my lord?” said the gentleman with whom he was conversing. “Yes, not even their prayers,” said the Archbishop. “Oh Mr. Kavanagh,” said His Grace, “surely “you don’t advocate that they should swallow their food first “and chew it afterwards.” “Well, my lord,” was the rejoinder, “in practice it is found necessary to treat such little children “occasionally as ruminants; the process of mental assimilation “not being complete until they have chewed their food over “several times after they have swallowed it.”

We hope to have another opportunity of looking more closely into the work the Archbishop performed. We have here gathered together some few particulars illustrative of the character

of a very real and original man, who served his generation, we verily believe, in an equal manner to any one, however eminent, belonging to it. What personal sorrows beset him do not so much transpire; that he had his share we have no doubt, in the midst of his worldly success and prosperity; indeed, he was a man on all sides, probably, more admired than loved, but there ray out from his character innumerable instances of his overflowing generosity and goodness. His charity seems to have been most exemplary and remarkable. On one occasion, when hedged up for some defence of his conduct, he "took a little pride to himself," he said, "that during a certain number of years he had distributed £50,000 in charity, but never given a penny to a beggar in his life." The following is lovable.—

A clergyman, who made a touching appeal to his generosity, was unhesitatingly accommodated with a loan of £400. He deserted the Archbishop's levees, and was not seen at the Palace, or heard of for many years after. One day Dr. Whately's study door opened noiselessly, and the borrower stood before him, presenting an aspect half suggestive of Haydon's figure of Lazarus, and half of the Prodigal Son's return. "Hilloa!" exclaimed the Archbishop, starting up to kill the fatted calf, "what in the name of wonder became of you so long?"

"I did not like to present myself before your Grace," replied the clergyman, who was a man of high literary attainments, and of higher principle, "until I found myself in a position to return the sum which you so generously lent me"—saying which he advanced to the study table and deposited upon it a pile of bank-notes.

"Tut, tut!" said the Archbishop, taking the arm of his visitor, "put up your money, and now come down to luncheon."

Mr. Fitzpatrick says:—

A remark made by the late Sir Philip Crampton, which sounded at the time extravagant, will, now that Dr. Whately's charity is better bruited, fail to awaken surprise.

At a meeting of the Irish Zoological Society, some years ago, when a subscription among the members was on foot, Dr. — suggested that Dr. Whately's name ought to be put down for at least £50.

"He has not got it," interposed Sir Philip Crampton, "no one knows him better than I do; he gives away every farthing of his income; and so privately is it bestowed that the recipients themselves are the only witnesses of his bounty."

We are ourselves acquainted with some remarkable instances of his generosity, for the accuracy of which we can vouch. A ripe scholar and gentleman died some years since in Dublin, leaving his family almost destitute. Dr. Whately, having been made acquainted with the circumstance, aided them by the munificent relief of £1,000. A classical teacher was threatened by a legal execution; Mr. M——, on his behalf, represented his painful situation to the Archbishop, who,

having been informed that £250 would make him a comparatively free and happy man, filled a cheque for that amount, and thus averted the catastrophe.

In his old age came down upon him some of his heaviest sorrows. He was married thirty-eight years to his gifted wife, and they had no bereavement during those years; then, for the first time, the hand of death was laid heavily on them. A beloved daughter, just married, was stricken down; and then came another domestic bereavement, although not the work of death—"it has added ten years to my age," says the poor old Archbishop. On Mrs. Whately these afflictions told fatally; she died, April, 1860; and we can well believe what one of his survivors says, "that it was the most solemn and affecting sight he ever witnessed, to see the noble old man sitting down upon the stairs outside his wife's chamber, crying and sobbing like a child, while the change was approaching;" for the poor old father and husband, who had been so ungraceful in his behaviour at committee boards, and in Lord Lieutenants' drawing rooms, seems to have had a very real and tender fireside-life; and, though a hard, and rugged, and logical, and matter-of-fact, and common sense man, he was full of tenderness, and sympathy, and gentleness. In 1863 his own end came; his sufferings on his death-bed were very great, but no rebellious murmur escaped his lips—only in his long nights of pain he prayed constantly for patience. He had preached in Oxford strongly on preparation for death, and his death-bed showed that he was not unprepared. A few days before he died, one of his clergy said to him, "Well, your Grace, it is a great mercy that though your body is weak, your intellect is vigorous still." "Talk to me no more about intellect," he replied, "there is nothing for me now but Christ." His funeral was a public one, of course, and eminent Roman Catholics united with the most distinguished of Protestants in expressing their regard to one who had certainly done his best, and in a most legitimate manner, to heal the breaches between the two great rival creeds and factions of Ireland. We must not close our brief notice without giving to our readers some few memoranda illustrative of the man. He was fond of the apothegmatic; he exhibited this also in his little book of *Proverbs and Precepts for copy lines, for the use of Schools*. Some of these proverbs were the texts of his daily life in dealing with men. Thus he often brought in his proverb in defence of his tolerant views in politics and opinion: "*Wide will wear, but tight will tear.*" "*If you will not take pains, pains will take you,*" was a favourite; and he improved on "*It is better to wear out than to rust out,*" by "*It's better to wear out shoes*

than sheets." His definition of a proverb we believe to be the best of many, "*A proverb is the wisdom of many and the wit of one.*" He was wont to sum up all harsh judgments about human nature, by his frequently used adage, "*The generality of mankind are as good and as wise as the . . . generality,*" which is very much like a similar charitable verdict that "*there is as much difference in folks as in anybody.*" We give to our readers the following illustrations of his clear, pertinent, and aphoristic style.

Tradition as the Foundation of Church Authority.—"Many defend oral tradition on the ground that we have the Scriptures themselves by tradition. Would they think that because they might trust servants to deliver a letter, however long or important, therefore they might trust them to deliver its contents by word of mouth in a message? A footman brings you a letter from a friend, upon whose word you can perfectly rely, giving an account of some thing that has happened to himself, and the exact account of which you are greatly concerned to know. While you are reading and answering the letter, the footman goes into the kitchen, and there gives your cook an account of the same thing; which, he says, he overheard the upper servants at home talking over, as related to them by the valet, who said he had it from your friend's son's own lips."

Experience and Common Sense.—"In former times men knew by experience that the earth stands still, and the sun rises and sets. Common sense taught them, that there would be no antipodes since men could not stand with their heads downwards, like flies on the ceiling. Experience taught the King of Bantam that water can never become solid. And to come to the case of human affairs—the experience and common sense of the most intelligent of the Roman historians, Tacitus, taught him that for a mixed government to be established, combining the elements of royalty, aristocracy, and democracy, would be next to impossible; and that if it were established, it must speedily be dissolved. Yet, had he lived to the present day, he would have learned that the establishment and continuance of such a form of government was not impossible. So much for experience! The experience of some persons resembles the learning of a man who has turned over the pages of a great many books without ever having learned to read; and their so-called common sense is often in reality nothing else than common prejudice."

A rashly-cautious man.—Dr. Whately was fond of this phrase. "There is many a *rashly-cautious* man. A moth rushes into a flame, and a horse obstinately stands still in a stable on fire; and both are burnt. Some men are prone to moth-rashness, and some to horse-rashness, and some to both."

Mental culture.—"Cultivate not only the corn-fields of the mind, but the pleasure-grounds also."

Gay spirits.—"Gay spirits are always spoken of as a sign of happiness, though every one knows to the contrary. A cockchafer is never so

lively as when a pin is stuck through his tail; and a hot floor makes Bruin dance."

Celebrity.—"The way to rise to rapid celebrity," he once said, "is to be a plausible advocate of *prevailing* doctrines; and especially to defend, with some eloquence and novelty, something which men like to believe, but have no good reason for believing. And this a skilful *dissembler* will never do so well as one who is himself the dupe of his own fallacies, and brings them forward, therefore, with an air of simple earnestness which implies his being, with whatever ingenuity and eloquence, puzzle-headed. A very clear-headed man must always perceive some of the truths which are generally overlooked, and must have detected some of the popular fallacies; in short, he must be somewhat *in advance* of the *οἱ πολλοί* of his contemporaries; and if he has the courage to speak his mind fairly, he must wait till the next generation, at least, for popularity.

"The fame of clever, but puzzle-headed, advocates of vulgar errors will be like a mushroom which springs up in a night and rots in a day; while that of a clear-headed lover of truth will be a tree '*seris factura nepotibus umbram*.' He must take his chance for the result. If he is wrong in the doctrines he maintains, or the measures he proposes, at least it is not for the sake of immediate popular favour. If he is right, it will be found out in time, though perhaps not in *his* time. The preparers of the *Mummies* were (Herodotus says) *driven out of the house* by the family who had engaged their services, with execrations and stones; but their *work* remains sound after three thousand years."

Morals and manners.—"While we are taking pains with our morals, we are taking pains with that which is the most important; when about manners, we are attending to the surface, instead of the substance. 'Take care of the digestion and circulation, if you would keep them sound; if you would keep the skin clear, take care (not of the skin, but) of the digestion and circulation.'"

A left handed representation of a wise man.—The church was crowded to suffocation, and some of the fellows and students of Trinity College were present. St. Laurence, who was habitually oppressed by indolence, deferred till the last moment all preparation for, or even thought of the sermon. His heart had begun to fail him. The appointed hour chimed, and he ascended the pulpit, with, as he afterwards assured his friends, no manner of idea as to the tone, style, or scope of what all Dublin was on the tiptoe of expectation awaiting. A happy text started up before him in the shape of four of his fellow revellers of the previous night. Never did St. Laurence preach more powerfully, because he preached from the heart. The picture of Beverley in the "Gamester" was not more effectively produced. He painted with the strength of Massillon the gambler's life, ruin, dream, despair, and death.

A little learning is a dangerous thing.—"Yet it is what *all* must attain before they can arrive at great learning; it is the utmost acquisition of those who know the most, in comparison of what they do *not* know. The field of science may be compared to an American forest, in which the more trees a man cuts down, the greater is the expanse of wood he sees around him."

Unconscious Manners.—"Though many conscious people," he writes, "are very agreeable, there is a charm in unconscious manners, which endears a person, even when there is nothing else very remarkable in him. Social intercourse is in itself a pleasure, independent of the instruction or entertainment we may derive from the matter and language; else books would be—which they are not—a complete substitute for society: hence it appears, that the essence of social intercourse is the interchange of ideas, as they arise actually in the minds of the speakers; the excellence of it, therefore, in social intercourse, must consist in complete unconsciousness; the further you recede from that (and there are infinite degrees), however clever your conversation, the less have you of the nature of a companion, and the more of a book; consequently, consciousness is, as it were, the specific poison of that which is the very essence of conversation."

We very heartily commend Miss Whately's volume as a pleasant pocket companion. We should like to see a similar volume, collecting and condensing from the numerous works of the Archbishop some of the fine provender for the mind, and the noble and stimulating key-notes to thought with which they abound. We do not remember to have met with the following before its appearance in this *Commonplace Book*, although it illustrates a well-known aphorism in the *Lectures on Political Economy*.

There are other motes beside those in the sunbeam.—"There are not more particles of dust in the sunbeam than in any other part of the room, though we are apt to fancy it, because we see them better."

It is a most important principle to keep in mind for the correction of a whole class of errors in popular judgment, viz., the tendency to over-rate the amount of whatever is *known, seen, and definite*, as compared with what is, either from the nature of the case or accidentally, *unknown—or less known—unseen—indefinite*. Under this head comes my remark (suggested by Senior), in the "Secondary Punishments," that "the *preventive* effects of any system, whether for good or for evil, are hardly ever duly appreciated." We see the crimes that are actually committed, and we see the men who are hanged for them; we do not see the crimes that *would* be committed if there were no hanging.

Under the same head, I think, comes the supposed superiority of wisdom attributed to cautious, reserved, non-confiding, do-nothing characters, as compared with the more open, unreserved, energetic, and parrhesiastic. Of course every one will admit that there may be an extreme either way. He who trusts to everybody and everything, and always says and does the first thing that comes into his head, is at least as great a fool as any one can be in the opposite way. But take the average—the *moderate* description—of each class; such as are not men of very great, but of respectable talents, and you will find, I think, that those of the reserved and cautious character have usually much greater credit for wisdom than those of a more open and daring,

supposing an equality in other points in respect of ability. And certainly the latter do commit a greater number of actual tangible *errors*; meet with a greater number of distinct failures; but yet, at the life's end, you will generally find that a dozen of the latter will have had altogether full as much success—have *got on* as well, if not better, than a dozen of the other.

Whence, then, the overestimate of those who are called the “prudent”? Because their failures are in general *indefinite*, and are neither known nor distinctly existing. One man thinks it “always best not to mention things;” it seldom happens that any distinct evil can be traced to his holding his tongue. It is only that some, and perhaps more benefits, do not happen to him. Another goes on the maxim, perhaps to excess, of “spare to speak and spare to speed.” If not gifted with consummate ability, he every now and then gets into a scrape, while the other exultingly derides him; but he gains, perhaps, many advantages which the other would never have put himself in the way of. The one trusts no one, and is never betrayed, but he loses all the advantages of friendship; the other is occasionally exposed to scorn, mortification, and injury, but at the end of life, when he comes to cast up accounts, he will perhaps find, that not only the pleasure but the advantage overbalance. If I never go on horseback, I never incur the definite evil of being stopped in a journey by a fall from a horse, or by a restive and runaway horse. I may exult over the rider's accidents of this kind, but in the long run he will have accomplished, in spite of all, more journeys than I could on foot. If I let my land lie waste, I shall not have to reckon this year, and that year, a failure of crop; but my neighbour, with all his losses, will perhaps make more of his farm. “*There are other notes besides those in the sunbeam.*”

Throughout the writings of Whately there is much that turns into a cheerful, bright-hearted view, and rational foundation for hope for the best, for society, the world, and the race. The Archbishop seemed to have a cheerful faith himself in the intentions of Providence, and that even things most adverse, in the long run, advance the goodness they were intended to hinder. The following is admirable:

THE PELTING OF THE APES.

Persons who thus undesignedly benefit those whom they had intended to damage, may remind one of the apes described in one of the voyages of Sinbad the Sailor. These apes inhabited the tops of lofty cocoa-nut trees; and when pelted with stones showed their resentment by pelting their assailants in return with cocoa-nuts; thus supplying them with the fruit they could not have reached. *This is perhaps the case with the name of Rationalists, as applied to a certain German school of theologians, who freely exercised their reason, such as it is, on subjects quite beyond the reach of human reason.* Certain it is that the title, whether originally devised by themselves or by opponents, is likely to convey the notion that they alone take a *rational* view of all subjects and are to be alone accounted, properly, rational beings.

And when, as has very frequently been the case, an attempt is made to show the unsoundness of Whately's theology, we shall like to quote one refreshing little sentence, which should be comfort and light to us all.

Why and how, any evil comes to exist in the universe, reason cannot explain, and revelation does not tell us. But it does show us what is *not* the cause. That it cannot be from *ill-will* or *indifference*, is proved by the sufferings undergone by the *beloved* Son.

Our readers will enjoy some of the flashes of the Archbishop's wit; it does not strike us as being always of the best order, but it was rough and ready, and perhaps was rather hard than sharp.

Turning to a junior clergyman, he asked, "What is the difference between a form and a ceremony? The meaning seems nearly the same, yet there is a very nice distinction." Various answers were given. "Well," he said, "it lies in this: you sit upon a form, but you stand upon ceremony."

A remarkable conundrum of his was—"Why can a man never starve in the Great Desert? Because he can eat the *sand which is* (sandwiches) there. But what brought the sandwiches there? Noah sent Ham, and his descendants mustered and bred (mustard and bread)."

He once asked a roomful of divines why white sheep eat so very much more than black sheep. One person advanced it as his opinion, that black being a warmer colour than white, and one which never fails forcibly to attract the sun, black sheep could do with less nutriment than their white contemporaries. At all these profound speculations Dr. Whately shook his head gravely, and then proceeded with imperturbable gravity to explain, "White sheep eat more because there are more of them."

Addressing a blue-stocking who had produced quite as many babes as books, he said, "Pray, Mrs. A——, what is the difference between you and me?" "You puzzle me," she replied; "what is it?" "I can't conceive," responded the Archbishop.

A lady had the very bad taste to enter the Castle drawing-room in such ultra full dress, or rather undress, that more bust than barège was visible. "Did you ever see anything so unblushing?" whispered a Custodian of the Great Seal whose sense of decorum was outraged by the exhibition. "Never since I was weaned," replied Dr. Whately.

"Pray, sir," he said to a loquacious prebendary who had made himself active in talking at the Archbishop's expense when his back was turned,—"*pray, sir, why are you like the bell of your own church-steeple?*" "*Because,*" replied the other, "*I am always ready to sound the alarm when the Church is in danger!*" "*By no means,*" replied the Archbishop; "*it is because you have an empty head and a long tongue.*"

A man directed the Archbishop's attention to a valuable draught horse, as sagacious as he was powerful. "There is nothing," said the

horse-dealer, "which he cannot draw." "Can he draw an inference?" inquired Dr. Whately.

The caustic way in which he snubbed a young aide-de-camp, who at one of the Castle levees asked, *à propos* of Dr. Murray, who wore a cross—what was the difference between a Roman bishop and a jackass, was very characteristic. "One wears the cross upon his back, and the other upon his breast," explained the A.D.C. "Do *you* know the difference between an aide-de-camp and a donkey?" asked Dr. Whately. "No?" said the other, interrogatively. "Nor I either," was the reply.

To a person who, when asked a puzzling query, invariably closed his eyes in the intensity of the effort to solve it, the Archbishop said, "Sir, you resemble an ignorant pedagogue, who keeps his pupils in darkness."

"Why does the operation of hanging kill a man?" inquired Dr. Whately. A physiologist replied, "Because inspiration is checked, circulation stopped, and blood suffuses and congests the brain." "Bosh!" replied his Grace, "it is because the rope is not long enough to let his feet touch the ground."

"I was very much pleased with one passage in your sermon," remarked Dr. Hall to the preacher of an interminably prolix homily. "Which was that?" replied the other, with an eager smile of complacent suavity. "The passage from the pulpit to the vestry!" was the rejoinder. This anecdote is not a bad companion to a story which Dr. Whately told at a banquet given by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland about this time, and *à propos* to a grace of very unusual length, which some ecclesiastic usurped the Archbishop's place by giving forth sonorously.

"My lord," said the Archbishop, "did you ever hear the story of Lord Mulgrave's chaplain?" "No!" said the Lord-Lieutenant. "A young chaplain had preached a sermon of great length. 'Sir,' said Lord Mulgrave, bowing to him, 'there were some things in your sermon of to-day I never heard before.' 'O, my lord,' said the flattered chaplain, 'it is a common text, and I could not have hoped to have said anything new on the subject.' 'I heard the clock strike twice,' said Lord Mulgrave."

"I hope your Grace will excuse my preaching next Sunday," said a parson, who was fonder of the cushions of his easy chair than of the cushions of his pulpit. "Certainly!" said the Metropolitan, indulgently. Sunday came, and the Archbishop said to him, "Well! Mr. —, what became of you—we expected you to preach to-day." "Oh, your Grace said you would excuse my preaching to-day." "Exactly; but I did not say I would excuse you *from* preaching."

The Archbishop's points, at dinner or otherwise, were often of a more broadly humorous character, especially if he thought that his presence infused any feeling of awe or restraint. When a pause occurred, he would sometimes rouse the drooping embers, by a touch of what he called "his hot poker." On one of these occasions he called out to the host, "Mr. —" (another pause, during which all ears were pricked up), "Mr. —, what is the proper female companion for this John

Dory?" Several guesses were advanced, but none hit the right nail, until his Grace, amidst convulsions of laughter, cried, "Anne Chovy!" A kindred "Con" of his was, "What is the female of a *mail* coach?" Answer—"A *miscarriage*." Having thus set the fun of the company afire, no end of jokes about Sally Lun, Dick Canter, &c. &c., followed.

One of his last retorts conveyed a telling stroke of delicate irony. "They will begin to pelt me now," said a freshly fledged Bishop, who sought consolation under the weight of a mitre laden with some suspicion of a temporizing compliance on the Education question.

"They have nearly given over that practice upon me," observed the Archbishop.

"Well, no one can say that I ever threw a stone at you," retorted the other.

"Certainly not," was the reply; "you only kept the clothes of those who did."

An old man between eighty and ninety, who worked in my garden at Halesworth, laid before me this concentrated summary of his long experience: "I've observed, sir, that everything as is right bitter is wholesome." A notion which might have cost him his life, if he had come in the way of strychnine, colocynth, or elaterium.

The Archbishop had a humorous way of dealing with Quakers, Plymouth Brethren, and others who affect not to believe in a hired ministry:

Quakers again, and some other dissenters, object to a *hired* ministry (in reality an *unhired*); but their preachers are to be *supplied* with all they need; like the father of Molière's Bourgeois, who was no *shop-keeper*, but kindly chose *goods* for his friends, which he let them have for money.

Mr. Fitzpatrick says that the Archbishop never but once attempted verse; we felt certain that would turn out to be a mistake, although we had no foundation beyond the knowledge that any mortal who has once been bitten is sure to surrender himself again and again to the enchantment; and Miss Whately publishes several pieces, and very vigorous they are. Nor should we be surprised if two or three of them should be so frequently quoted as to become universal favourites. For some time yet, at any rate, Archbishop Whately must hold his ground as a teacher and thinker. In our own schools we certainly wish all his works, or almost all, were far better known. In America he is more highly prized by far than with us; in the estimation of our Transatlantic friends, we understand, he takes rank with Butler and with Paley, and, perhaps, the services he has rendered, and will render, are not inferior to those two great ornaments of the English Church. The volumes we have introduced to our readers have given us the opportunity of renewing our acquaintance with a great and admirable man,

to whom we have often been deeply indebted ; and we only now close our paper by expressing a hope that the rumour to which we have referred, of Miss Whately's engagement upon a more extended and authentic life, will give us another opportunity of an interview with so much of mind, and mirth, and magnanimity as was represented in the person of Archbishop Whately.

II.

EDMOND ABOUT ON PROGRESS.*

M. ABOUT has grown ambitious. The author of *Maître Pierre* and *La Question Romaine* has thrown aside his "instructive novels," in which a meagre love-tale used to be a peg on which to hang short essays on draining, planting, and high farming ; and, rolling all his political tracts into one, has produced a huge volume, of near 500 pages, on "property," "the budget," "education," "association," "our foreign policy"—every subject, in fact, which seems in any way connected with the progress of the age. The book is double as big as it need be ; full of repetitions and illustrations, and written in that chatty style which is just the opposite of terse.

M. About has a great deal to tell us : in his dedication to "George Sand" he says he means to put down his real opinions on things in general, so we must not be angry if he fills up more than a fifth even of the vast space which M. Victor Hugo required for the history of Jean Valjean. A great book in France does not seem to be looked on as a great evil.

Of course, the grand question is, how far M. About is still under inspiration ; how far (on the contrary) he is the expounder of what sober thinking Frenchmen have come to believe. He says, for instance, "the people have themselves to blame that they are not free ; the party of order forced the Government to adopt repressive measures, and the moment the Government sees that the majority want more freedom, it will be only too ready to grant it. *The fault is with the old donkey of a people, who can never be happy unless it feels that it is being governed.*" Now, is this his own, or is it a hint from higher quarters ? From the poor sophism about "waiting for the majority," we can scarcely help thinking that M. About has been "permitted" to write this ; no Frenchman of our author's powers can really believe that it is a question of majorities at all. The thought and intellect of France lies crushed,

* *Edmond About : Le Progrès.* Hachette, Paris, 1864.

and you say, "We'll free it as soon as the majority wishes it to be free."

It is an old trick of emperors to keep an author as a sort of Aaron, reserving the additional privilege, which Moses does not seem to have reserved, of repudiating Aaron's views if they are ever found too violently unacceptable to the "many-headed."

Many, when they read the *Question Romaine*, and some of M. About's other books, thought that M. About held this half-official position; many, when they read this present volume, will think the same. Would any one, they will ask, venture *unadvisedly* to be so severe against existing abuses, to denounce the bureaucracy of which Frenchmen are so fond, and the "division of property," for the sake of which they have suffered so much? Surely such books are not published without leave and license; the Emperor must, at least, wish that these questions should be ventilated, or M. About would never dare to talk so disrespectfully of the national principles on the one hand, and of the Governmental system on the other. For instance, when he says, what a shame it is that not more than nineteen people are allowed to meet together in a room, that, among other rights, the nation has still preserved "*le droit d'être arrêtés sans motif, et transportés à Cayenne sans jugement*," is this a feeler thrown out, or is it the language of an independent mind really eager for a little more freedom? "Lower your army; it costs 500 million francs, and keeps 500,000 pairs of useful hands idle." "Government is a wonderful machine, but it is out of date—clumsy, like Watt's great engine, with its huge fly-wheels and enormous appetite for coal. Something much simpler would be just as effective." "Sell your woods and forests; you are cheated right and left by the *gardes forestiers*, who (like the Irish police) are often themselves the chief poachers." "Reduce your official staff: you now take away 30,000 B. A.'s yearly from the thought and industry of the country." "It is no good getting up pisciculture on a great scale at Huningue, if you put the young fry into the care of a *garde-pêche*, a perfectly disinterested functionary, not likely to get into hot water with his neighbours and boon companions for the sake of the public." "We want free power of association for non-political purposes: it is worse than ridiculous to see the Society of St. Vincent de Paul hoisting its war-flag, and then the two powers—the Government and the clergy—falling to, tooth and nail, to settle which is to give the poor man his broth. The Prince Imperial Society is just as bad; there is no more reason why a loan society should call itself by a dynastic name, which is sure to frighten off a good many French-

“*men*, than why a soup kitchen should be exclusive and ultra-montane.” Again, “Our whole theory of government is wrong; we are too fond of expecting everything to be done for us, so what is done costs us dear, and is badly done after all. Government never ought to touch what private people can do as well or better.” “At bottom, the Convention, with its rights of man, is far more intolerant than Bossuet with his right divine, and far more illogical. The old *Etat c’est moi* principle had some life in it, at worst; the abstract theories which displaced it are only kept going by perpetual galvanism.” And then, “M. Duruy’s education scheme is our last patent plan for turning out well-made men. It is a question whether the State is the proper workshop for that kind of thing; the Chinese say ‘yes,’ but the result with them is not very satisfactory. The English say ‘no;’ their Government has no man-factories. By and by, perhaps, we shall get to feel that liberty is, after all, the best school for training men in.” “And this *Contrat Social* policy has brought us all to the same level, without having given us freedom. Rousseau gave us civil equality, but he never dreamt of making us free, for he had been a flunkey, and he had a flunkey’s soul to the last.” “Under the Convention régime, carried out in universal suffrage, what is left to the individual? Your will and mine form a portion of the general will, which all individual wills are bound to obey. We give up, unreservedly, our natural rights, and we get in exchange a share of unlimited authority over the rights of our fellow-citizens. Every time you look in the glass you have the satisfaction of seeing the thirty-seven-millionth part of an oppressor; but then, unfortunately, the same look shows you one poor oppressed creature full length. *Votre titre d’opprimé reste intact.*”

“In France, we all forget that the State is not a being superior to man, but a form of association, ‘an abstraction,’ useful enough if we keep it within due limits. It is a grand case of ‘cotisation,’ that’s all. . . . But we French are so fond of being governed. We can’t understand not having to swear fidelity to somebody or something. What becomes (we ask) of the blessedness of obedience, the grandeur of self-devotion? Are we to preserve, under a regular government, all the rights of man in the savage state? Good friend, you may give up your own rights as fast as you like, but please don’t let your excess of zeal prompt you to put me out of mine. If you are so fond of obeying, join some society whose members take a vow of obedience, but don’t try to force us all to do the

" same." " The guillotine and the 'maximum' and confiscation
 " are at the bottom of all *schemes of government*, for they are all
 " based on *Socialism*. The dreamers who would make the state
 " farmer, shopkeeper, manufacturer, salesman, everything, by
 " means of countless *functionaries*, are merely carrying out logi-
 " cally the idea of *centralisation*. You see the absurdity of
 " communism when it would supply work to every pair of hands
 " in France, and daily bread to every family; but you admit
 " the principle when you call for State help to pay for your
 " clergyman, or keep open your national school. . . . Govern-
 " ment should be nothing but *the general association for the*
 " *repression of crime and the defence of the country*. The great
 " evil is, that every successive French Government has under-
 " taken everything, instead of keeping to general matters, and
 " leaving private associations to deal with private wants.
 " Everyone comes to it; even the playwrights, who say that
 " the State is bound to correct their farces, and the savans who
 " want to travel at the public expense, and get the State to
 " print their great dull volumes. And so, trying to satisfy
 " everybody, the State pleases nobody; people grumble first,
 " then grow disaffected, then fall to plotting; and then, in self-
 " defence, the poor Government is obliged to become repressive
 " and suspicious, and at last gets to have a morbid dread of
 " printers' ink. Hence follow all kinds of absurd prohibitions,
 " just because the old jackanapes of a people would insist on
 " the State doing its business for it. It is not through ambi-
 " tion, or ill-will, or greed that the Prince has enslaved you,
 " but because you forced him to it the moment you refused to
 " do your own duty as a citizen."

From these few extracts we can judge of the spirit of the
 book. It strikes us at once that this is not the language of
 ninety-nine Frenchmen out of a hundred: it is a change de-
 cidedly for the better, though we illogical English may perhaps
 think that M. About goes a little too far. Just in cases like
 this we realise what is the greatest blessing of all those which
 ages of struggling liberty have earned for us; we know how
 to look at both sides; we can compromise; we see that the
 trimmer is generally more reasonable than the zealous partisan.
 The Frenchman—always trained under some "system"—can-
 not help bringing his "inexorable logic" into the domain of
 politics and morals and religion. He has hitherto looked to
 the State for everything; but once overthrow that idea and
 he will rush clean off, like M. About, along the very opposite
 road, and come to the government for nothing: "You have no
 " more right to spend the public money in supporting the Insti-

"tute, patronising art, or the like, than the guardian of two children—not related to each other, one of whom was deaf and dumb—would have to make them go shares in the purchase of a piano.* But two-thirds of the French people care about as much for the fine arts as a fish does for an apple." So good-bye to all schools of art, to all attempts to cultivate the public taste: our doctrinaire is in his economic fit, and won't give a farthing to encourage anything.

Now, all this, though by no means French, agrees sufficiently with the supposed feelings of a ruler who has lived among us, and values (they say) our free institutions, though avowedly he has hitherto shown his sense of their value by sedulously keeping them out of the reach of his subjects. It all suits the "inspiration theory." But what shall we say when M. About speaks of the exiles, whom no amnesty has yet restored, as "some twenty innocent, honourable, illustrious men, who expiate by undeserved banishment the renown of their name and the greatness of their ancestors."

And again, when he speaks of the excess "of zeal which has taken upon itself, absurdly enough, to extend to his latest posterity the allegiance which we have sworn to the present ruler." When he talks, too, of "the extravagance in dress and living made fashionable by those in high places;" or, again, gives advice to "*les honorables citoyens qui nous gouvernent*," and shows how "'Liberty!' is the talismanic word which will make Orleanists, Republicans, all parties, fall to pieces—for what do they all want, except the few who agitate to win places, but the liberty which now they have not? Another boon. You could then disband your army of secret police, the only excuse for maintaining which is some vague fear of the old factions." When, lastly, he stigmatizes the truckling to the clerical "party of reaction," and blames the enormous expenditure—"le budget de la guerre sans la guerre"—we cannot help exclaiming that, if this is written by authority, the mask is very well kept on. On one point he agrees thoroughly with the Emperor's well-known views: "*Coûte qui coûte* (says he), *il faut reconstituer la propriété.*" Look again at his remarks in the last chapter: "*It is our own fault*, and not the fault of our ruler, that all Europe is afraid and distrustful of us. It is we who have been oscillating for fifteen years between clerical despotism and ultra-red-republicanism. It is we who have asserted the principle of intervention in one place, and its

* There is M. About's weak point; his is the selfish philosophy: we, on the other hand, know that we are all brethren, that if one member suffers all suffer with it.

“ direct opposite in another ; the government wants to decentra-
 “ lise, but it is we who will not let it,” may well stand as Louis Na-
 poleon’s own apology for his stand-still policy ; just as the picture
 of “ a man powerful enough and just enough to act as mediator
 “ between kings and peoples, to find out the real wishes of
 “ nations, *to carry the ballot-box into every country*, to silence
 “ unjust pretensions and satisfy lawful wishes, and establish
 “ throughout Europe the reign of equity, *without claiming any-*
 “ *thing for his pains*,” may possibly be the Emperor’s estimate of
 himself ; and then there is a good deal in the closing hint
 that, if France is to head the nations, she must herself be
 truly free, and that true freedom is to be sought not behind
 “ barricades in the Rue Lafitte, but “ by using such constitu-
 “ tional rights as we have, in order to claim, firmly but peace-
 “ fully, those which we have not.” We cannot help thinking
 that somebody besides M. About is making the promise, when
 we read as follows:—“ As soon as *ever it is proved* that the
 “ majority of French citizens wish for liberty of speech and
 “ liberty of the press, for decentralisation, legalising of divorce,
 “ abolishing of State help for any form of religion, &c., *the*
 “ *government will not let them ask in vain.*” M. About was
 ordered to write about Rome ; has he now been ordered to
 describe the future of France ? Whether or not, he has written
 a very readable book ; which is, perhaps, all the more interesting
 if we look on certain passages as thrown out to see which way
 opinion runs, than if we accept it as a fair statement of enlight-
 ened French opinion on the subjects of the day.

It attacks almost everything which Frenchmen in general
 hold dear. Small farms are ruining the country ; the minute
 subdivision of property must be stopped, if not by restoring
 the law of primogeniture, why then, by companies of capitalists
 who shall buy up and mass together the little holdings ;—the
 Convention was a worse tyrant than Louis XIV., indeed (if we
 must choose between them), “ *Divine right*” is every way pre-
 ferable to the “ *contrat-social*.” “ Jean Jacques will make you
 “ all equal ; but as for making you free, he never dreamt of
 “ trying to do so. He had been a flunkey ; and a flunkey he
 “ remained in heart to his life’s end.” Every national idol in fact
 is dethroned, except, of course, French glory (and even this is
 laughed at a little on the sly), and universal suffrage, which is
 so sovereign a recipe that it is recommended to all Europe, and
 the Emperor is (as we said) described in the last chapter as
 “ powerful and just enough to be mediator between peoples and
 “ sovereigns, *to carry the ballot-box into all lands*, and to set up all
 “ over Europe the reign of equity, *without asking anything as a*

"reward for his services." The italics are M. About's, and doubtless mean to assure us that, though Savoy is swallowed up, the Rhine is safe for the present. Even the national love of Paris finds little favour with our author. He cannot forget the "dear old dirty, witty, poor, clever Paris" of not so many years back. He is disgusted at a city where they must get up extravaganzas because the *nouveaux-riches*, who swarm there, can't understand a good play. If you are moderately well off, therefore, you had better go and live in the country. The town should be left for poor people (who are all to throng thither, and become "operatives" when the "companies" have bought up their land), and for loose spendthrifts and rakish millionaires. "You will, of course, go out of town, intending to return in a month or two. You will regret the gas and the crowds and the roar of the Boulevards, and the rumbling of distant cabs at night, and the roadscrapers busy at work when you used to be lounging out of your '*cercle*' far on in the small hours. But before long the country will hold you fast with that strange charm which, like a shy beauty who seems *gauche* and dull at first, it soon throws over those who get near it. Once take to living in the country, and there's no fear you will ever want to come often to Paris." The whole chapter on this subject is new and interesting. It is amusing from the way in which our English love of country life is brought in for commendation: the Lancashire man, bent on making a fortune, that he may settle down two hundred miles from town, and marry his cousin Arabella, "the best girl in the United Kingdom for reading the Bible and making hot buttered toast," and "who means to have eight stout children, and three neighbours, not counting the parson," is very cleverly sketched. Those who study French literature must have noticed the growing *faithfulness* in their descriptions of rural life and scenery. Emile Souvestre, of course, painted Brittany, land and people, like a lover; but until lately he stood alone. The change in this respect is very hopeful. French artists, too, are taking to study nature instead of improvising her: their landscapes are no more the quaint impossibilities which they used to be not long ago. Of course, we naturally ask what will be the result of massing together such a crowd of workmen and *prolétaires* in the towns—won't your dangerous class grow immensely? No; says M. About, for they will have given the surest of all pledges to fortune, if they invest the proceeds of the sale of their lands in the national securities. They will not only dread *émeutes* at home, but troubles abroad; and whatever they get from their investment will be so much clear gain, for they will still have their hands free, and plenty

of capitalist manufacturers ready to employ them; and, work as hard as they may, they cannot work harder than they did when they were peasant proprietors, and used to put by nothing a year, even if they did not end the year in debt. *Association* is M. About's panacea for all present evils, and his chief agent in all future progress; but then it must be "free association" "without politics, which the French are so madly bent on" "mixing up with everything." Companies ought to do all except the defence of the country against invaders and thieves. Even the latter will, by-and-by, be dealt with by some "company (limited) for the regeneration of scamps," which will "do the thing cheaper and more effectually than all the cumbrous and expensive machinery of justice: "The strongest governments are not those which meddle with everything, but those which satisfy most fully the lawful wants of the people. "Provided the State keeps within its proper limits, and only does what we cannot do without its help, the actual form of government is a matter of great indifference. We have chosen to be ruled by an emperor; very well: all he has to do in order to secure the support, not only of the majority which elected him, but of nearly all Frenchmen of all ways of thinking, is to give us *Freedom*. Take the Orleanists, the Republicans, any of our numerous parties; what do they want, every man of them, except some few who are personally attached to the leaders, or else egged on by selfish ambition? "Why, liberty; give us that, and you at once cut off each leader and his staff from the army which has been following him." This is plain speaking, scarcely to be explained on "the inspiration theory." What is said, too, about the right of free association is likely to be very useful in France, where it is so hard to get men out of the notion that the state is not a mere *cotisation générale*, a form of association very ingenious, and useful enough, if kept within proper limits, not by any means "*un animal supérieur à l'homme*." Many hints of this kind show us how far behind us the French are—not Frenchmen here and there, but the mass of the nation—in their theory of government. We have been through the same thing long ago. From before Hobbes's day the "deductive and inductive theories of government" were battling among us; but we solved the question, as usual, practically, very illogically, no doubt, after our fashion, but still in a way which gives more freedom to the individual than he has in any other civilized society. In their views about punishment, again, even French *thinkers* are behind our every-day people. Here is M. About (like the author of *Les Misérables*) still floundering about amidst utopian ideas of

"an imprisonment which shall not be degrading, quite the reverse, which shall develop the intelligence and *amend the heart*, and form a "*séquestration morale et instructive*." The whole chapter on "*La Répression*" shows what rubbish a clever man may write when he goes in at all risks for a theory. Incorrigibles, who are proof against M. About's system of "retreat," are to be sent to New Caledonia; there they are to have arms, tools, land of their own, wives, and, above all, *no wardens or overlookers*. They will (he believes) at once become honest proprietors. No fear of their being eaten by natives (the history of Van Diemen's Land shows that the fear is all on the other side): no fear of their not setting heartily to work to break up and till their allotments. Like a true Parisian, our author judges them by the *paysans* near Paris, and expects them to do, far away from all responsibility, what these do under a strong government, and with the stimulus of high rents, high prices, and immense competition. Even the history of our mutineers of the *Bounty* on Pitcairn's Island might have taught M. About differently. But this is the wildest of his flights. In general he keeps well within the limits of the possible. He himself speaks of his book as of the earth, earthy, and starts by disclaiming all guidance from "Faith," "preferring to muddle on by the poor candle of human reason, rather than secure a light which can only be gained by some partial surrender of the intellect." Yet though a positivist, he is not a materialist; for the mind, he says, is something just as *positive* as matter. He is very severe on the clerical reactionist party—"the vast army which wears no uniform"—"*les marguilliers*"—the men who approach every question in a churchwarden's spirit, and look on respect as a virtue *per se*, no matter in favour of what scamp or what worn out abomination it is displayed: "The state will have to do battle with this party one of these days; it puts off the time as long as possible, for it really is afraid, not knowing whom or how many it will have to meet. But the struggle must come; we can't always be thanking M. de Mérode for insulting us, and Mgr. Dupanloup for calling us Herod."

Still, he is not blind to the faults of the other party—"the patriots." He draws an admirable picture of the "*joyeux patriote du café*," rigged out with "principles," "which, however, don't belong to him any more than the reactionist's do to him, for he has read little, reflected less, and has the unfortunate habit of preserving his embryo ideas in brandy. Of course, it is part of his creed that all priests are in league with Satan, and that all kings are tyrants. He is indispensable in war time; but in peace he grows bored, and sometimes gets up a revolution for fun.

“ His spirit of independence keeps him always in opposition: he was against the Bourbons, against Louis Philippe, Marrast, and Cavaignac; he makes it a point of honour always to vote against the government of the third Napoleon. For all that, he becomes a mad Bonapartist the moment war is declared: ‘ We have taken Sebastopol, and Milan, and Pekin, and Mexico; long life to the Emperor anyhow.’ Yet, if he has to vote for a member, he is sure to choose M. Thiers or M. Berryer.

“ He is unsteady, but not bad at bottom. He would not go to mass to win a kingdom, but he sends his wife and daughters there. He weeps while he hob-nobs with the heroes of Magenta; he weeps also on the sly when he sees his girls going in white to their first communion; and yet if he meets the priest half an hour after he’ll call him a humbug.

“ Ten to one, however, that he’ll send for a confessor when he’s *in articulo mortis*.

“ Do you recognise the man ? ”

If the Frenchman does not, the Englishman who knows Paris does; the ordinary *flâneur* of the cafés was never more truthfully painted.

Of course, these two grand parties are anxious to fly at one another’s throats; but between them, “ *like a large buffer*,” comes the mass of the French nation. The mischief is, “ the buffer,” not being inorganic, keeps getting drawn over first to one side and then to the other.

M. About does not like this shifting to and fro: “ Either go back to ‘ Divine right ’ and the times before ’89, and heartily help the kings to keep down thought and freedom—it will only take the lives of some 300,000 men to secure say twenty years of dead quiet; or else go heart and soul along with progress. Anyhow, don’t keep all Europe in a ferment, and force every government (your own included) to maintain vast armies just because you are never sure of your own mind for a month together.” To sum up, then, M. About is wonderfully weak, ridiculously crochety, in all the moral remedies which he proposes; he has no fixed standard, and so is at the mercy of his own fancy. Still, the practical parts of his book are worth studying; at any rate, he deserves well of France for having clearly set before her these sound principles—associate; stick to your individual rights, “ and don’t be worshipping any abstract idea of ‘ the State ; ’ ” above all, *be consistent*, let the world know what you really mean; and (if you don’t intend to go back beyond ’89) give up at once your theory of “ natural boun-

"daries," and begin at home the liberty which you are so ready to offer to oppressed nationalities abroad.

M. About has immense faith in the future. France, cured of bureaucracy, centralisation, *over-government*, and minute properties, is to throw overboard all the rubbish about "natural boundaries," to give up all hankerings after the Rhine, and to declare herself honestly for "the nationalities;" and then, while the sale of railways and State lands pays off the national debt, and keeps down the taxes, and the invention of cast-iron peasants, and such like contrivances, does away with "all hard and degrading work," and the colonisation of Senegal, and other healthy inviting quarters, provides for the surplus population, the reign of perfected humanity is to be inaugurated, and we (or our grandchildren) are to see "thirty-eight millions of people working with all their might for one another, and keeping up a perpetual interchange of good offices."

As a work of art *Le Progrès* deserves considerable praise. The interest is well kept up throughout the volume.

The book is clever, most interesting, and full of valuable details, and several of its suggestions are such that, if carried out, they would undoubtedly tend to secure the peace of Europe.

III.

MAN AND NATURE.*

MR. MARSH is an exhaustive writer; we do not mean to say that, upon such subjects as those to which he has devoted his attention, he leaves no more to be said, but he goes so thoroughly down to the roots, and ascends and diverges with such freedom and life into the manifold relations, that his mode of treatment may be well called encyclopædical. We have a copious description of the combat waged between the forces of nature and of mind; his information seems competent and extensive; and he has a way of grouping together a vast quantity of facts and scientific material, which ends in making a most informing and readable book.

To many minds, and readers, either unable or indisposed to surrender themselves to Humboldt's *Cosmos*, Mr. Marsh's work will present a less formidable pathway of study; it is a *Cosmos*—a survey of the powers of nature, and how those powers are tamed and harnessed by man, for the purposes of civilization,

* *Man and Nature: or, Physical Geography as modified by Human Action.*

By George P. Marsh. Sampson Low.

in the great forest kingdoms, in prairies, in torrents and rivers, and in animal life; developing the use of power, and showing how death lives where power lives unused. There is the material of the richest poetry; in fact, the volume is an essay on the beauties, harmonies, and sublimities of nature. It will be an eminently useful volume to teachers who may need a generalization of the great facts of Geographical Science, or preachers who may need a well-informed judgment, to show them, that they may show to others, how all geography is moral, and how the earth and all its landscapes acquire significance from the presence of, or the preparation for, man.

In this manner he dealt with the English language, and now, rising to nature in its relation to man, he deals with this topic in a similar manner; he has produced a most instructive and eloquent book. Eloquent, not in the sonorousness of its phraseology, nor in any aptitudes of poetic imagery, but in a powerful conveyance to the mind of scenes and impressions. The book is, as we said, a *Cosmos*: Mr. Marsh will quite understand us; it would be the idlest nonsense to suggest any comparison between his labours and those of Baron Humboldt, but, possibly, to a humbler order of readers it may be even much more readable and serviceable. It is a subject of infinite interest—the relation of man to nature—the extent to which physical geography is modified by human action—the relation, indeed, of the physical to the moral geography. And to our humble thinking, some final and important questions are answered by a discussion like this.

At the same time we received Mr. Marsh's book, we received another, intended to convey a widely different lesson.*

This volume seems to us another of those pieces of sublime nonsense which look like an attempt to prove that a north-east wind could use a pair of compasses, or make a case of mathematical instruments. We have no time to analyze in the pages of this review the volume, nor would our readers thank us, did we attempt the task. But for those who are desirous of entering upon the old discussions of the immortality of matter, the immortality of force, the infinity of matter, and the existence of instinctive design in nature, &c., &c., here, in this volume, is plenty of stuff for this kind of thought.

The author's reasonings seem frequently to us simply absurd,

* *Force and Matter. Emperico-Philosophical Studies, intelligibly rendered. With an additional Introduction expressly written for this edition, by Dr. Louis Büchner, President of the Medical Association of Hesse-Darmstadt, &c., &c.* Edited, from the last Edition of "*Kraft-stoff*;" by J. Collingwood, F.R.S.L., F.G.S. Trübner and Co.

as when he sets aside the principle of self-consciousness as an argument for the independent conditions of soul. The *cogito, ergo, sum* is, with Dr. Büchner, "an antiquated logical *petitio principii*." "I think, therefore, I exist." The "I think," says he, "presupposes the I am; for he who is not, thinks 'not—we might as well say the dog barks, therefore the dog exists.'" Well, and is it not a proof, among others, certainly, of the dog's existence? Suppose I cannot see a dog, and yet I hear a barking, does not my consciousness identify its existence? The whole of the book seems to be reasoned after this precious fashion. We waste no more thought upon it. The *I am* of the human soul, and its *I will*, and *I have sinned*, and *I suffer* outweigh all this sad rubbish.

Man and Nature have been, since they first met, in perpetual conflict; in every department Nature feels the superiority of Man, and gives up the conflict. It is true, as Dr. Bushnell says, "Not all the winds, and storms, and earthquakes, and seas, and seasons of the world have done so much to revolutionise the earth as MAN, the power of an endless life, has done, since the day he came forth upon it, and received dominion over it." An absurd passage has frequently been quoted with admiration from the pages of Rousseau, teaching that everything degenerates in the hands of man; that sentimental but thoughtless writer complains, that man forces one land to nourish the product out of another; that he mixes and confounds the climates, the elements, and the seasons; that he mutilates dogs and horses, and overturns everything, and disfigures all, and loves deformity, and wishes nothing to be such as nature made it; on the contrary, God has constituted the world so, that its fertility and material beauty depend upon the industry and the operations of man. We who live in a land of matured civilization do not sufficiently possess the opportunity to observe how science, art, and man have really improved on nature; the velvet lawn is not nature but art assisting nature; and the green sward of the pasturage, and the rich grass of the meadow, and the heavy ears of bending wheat, and the heavy fruit on the boughs of the orchards, and the variety of the rose, and the colours of dahlias—these are almost as much the production of art as nature; and so in the animal kingdom, man triumphs over disadvantages and defects of climates; he calls into existence new creatures, while he gives to those elder types so new, and improved, and distinct a character. Man is higher and stronger than nature.

Grafting a higher upon a lower nature, to improve and elevate the power, has ever been the mission of man, and it is the method of God. It is not so true to say, that the forms of

inanimate creation perpetually develop into some higher type, as to say that some higher type is prepared for them, that some higher type steps down to meet them; it is not by merely stretching out of hands that a nature is developed, no, but by a marriage, by an union, by finding and feeling something waiting for it, drawing it, helping it. We saw this thought wrought out, as it seemed to us, very admirably the other day, in the last work by Elihu Burritt; his reflections upon that rural beauty, the hollyhock, seemed to us a very powerful and sufficient answer to those theories which maintain the self-evolving powers of nature; he found the hollyhock a very superior flower in Old England to New England; man has improved it; we will not say that every lesson which man compels nature to take in the conservatory is the wisest lesson, but it is marvellous that man possesses the power to add other tints to the flowers, and it is in the same spirit of power that man is able to give a new creative shaping to the multitudinous generations of animal life. "Nature takes art into partnership, and puts more muscle here, straightens the vertebræ there, or shortens the bones, fleshes the leg to such a joint, and wools or unwools it below, horns or unorns the head; is not this wonderful? Man finds a new pattern for the fern." What has man done with simple roots, the wild turnip, wild carrot, parsnip, and potatoe; there are hidden resources in all; it is mind that has made all the creatures what we see them to-day; it has been well said that "Flowers that Eve stuck in the hair of the infant Abel are just now opening the last casket of their beauty to the favoured children of our time." These things possessed no power of improvement within themselves, but mind, thoughtful mind, possessed the power to give to them new aspects, new characters, and man has been the grafter; he has perpetually improved, taking the lower and marrying it to the higher, and thus, indeed, from the flower of the field, or the hyssop by the wall, rising to the cedars or the oak—*thus the great lesson goes on; man is stronger than nature, but God is stronger than man; thus everywhere the illustration goes on, man grafts on nature's stock, and it was a wise pen that said,*

"Nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean; so, o'er that art
Which adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. . . We marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
The art itself is nature."

But this is the story of that which is higher than man or nature, this is God's plan, so God grafts on the corrupt stock of our nature, or the worn stock of this old world, His new divine life. When we see how nature herself improves, how man himself possesses power over her, it is not, surely, too much to think that the chain of means does not stop there; no, but what makes man a being of so much larger mould, whence came he to be so gifted with the higher formative powers, and how; whence comes the power by which he is himself enabled to look up; what is that which is drawing him, lifting him; what is that which gives to him a new life; whence the power that commands desire, that puts the bit and bridle to headstrong passions, and lusts, appetites, and tempers; have we not the key to all in that sentence, "*The engrafted word which is able to save you only?*"

The modern achievements in farming, like those in gardening, also show the power of man over nature; in this department of industry man may be said to be engaged in creating new soils; he learns that cultivation here consists in pulverization; he learns that the greater the comminution of the soil, that is, the exposure of its internal superficies, the greater its power to absorb ammonia, the essence of manure, from that great storehouse of fertility, the atmosphere. "The farmer is learning the chemistry and the machinery of the clays.* Here, in every well-cultivated farm, how man is brought face to face with nature in her first elementary principles. The farmer understands that it is not bulk in his manure which is its valuable part; that the bulk and the weight of farmyard manure is simply the carbon which it obtained last year from the atmosphere, all of which go through a long process of decay before it will have set free its mineral and ammoniacal parts, which together constitute, when dissolved by water, the suction food of roots." The penguin of the vast Pacific has been called 'the wizard of the farm,' and guano is a wonderful exemplification of the truth of the agriculture we have just mentioned—the nutrition of plants from the atmosphere. Burn a plant, whether it be an oak tree or a stalk of clover, and the trifling ash it leaves will show you all it ever got from the soil; but where is the bulk gone?

"Into the air,
And what seemed corporeal bath melted
Like breath into the wind."

Combustion undoes what growth did; it recombines the carbon of the plant with the oxygen of the air, and their union is

* We refer our readers to a delightful practical little book on farming, *The Chronicles of a Clay Farm*, by Chandos Wren Hoskyns, Esq. Longmans.

carbonic acid gas, the very substance which the leaves of a plant feed upon; mind takes these facts and places them in happy order and relation, and hence how agriculture, instead of being a mere clumsy hap-hazard affair, is now the very philosophy of matter. Lessons like these, obtained in the old world, and in the old mother country, will spread vernal wealth, and rich harvests, and pasture-land over all the fields of the new world, the American continent, and the Australian colonies. There is a magnificent mystery lying under the green coverlets of the fields; the chemist is seeking to unriddle it in his way, and farmers are unriddling it in theirs; and when it is said that fine tilth makes fine crops, it is only in other words expressing the tritulating theory which enables the soil, by fine pulverization, to drink in the life of the atmosphere, and to combine and intercombine the three great elements of clay, and sand, and lime.

Remarks like these will suggest to our readers how large a field of interest opens up from such a subject—nature and man in front of each other. The pith and the spirit of Mr. Marsh's volume are very finely presented in the words of that grand old Hebrew poem, the hundred-and-seventh Psalm; we really must quote the words, for they are, in fact, the moral philosophy of history: "*He turneth rivers into a wilderness, and the water springs into dry ground; a fruitful land into barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein. He turneth the wilderness into a standing water, and dry ground into water springs. And there he maketh the hungry to dwell, that they may prepare a city for habitation, and sow the fields, and plant vineyards, which may yield fruits of increase. He blesseth them also, so that they are multiplied greatly; and suffereth not their cattle to decrease. Again they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction, and sorrow. He poureth contempt upon princes, and causeth them to wander in the wilderness, where there is no way.*" The history of the world abundantly translates these fine stanzas for us; nations of Europe and of Asia illustrate, upon a vast and wonderful scale, the truth and fulness of the royal poet—his own country, Palestine, Judea among the rest—

"The cedars wave on Lebanon,
But Judah's statelier maids are gone."

Man fearfully retards or aids the benevolent designs of nature. What changes are produced on the surface of the globe by the intercourse between nations! Man, banishing himself from a country, desires everything to change countries with him; and plants and insects, and different quadrupeds follow him across the ocean.

What has man made, by priestcraft, despotism, ignorance, and neglect, of that glorious country for which nature has done everything, Spain? What a difference between the Rome history unveils to us, and the Rome of to-day! The fairest and most fruitful portions and provinces of the Roman empire, which once gave habitation and enjoyment to a dense, refined, and cultivated population, are now waste and solitary, and spots of earth, teeming and laughing in all the happy gladness of industry, are now despoiled and deserted; and other lands lying along the East, once flowing, in no metaphorical language, but really, with milk and honey, great seats of pasture-land and haunts of the wild bee, lie now all desolate and bare. Man has power to act on nature; for, on the contrary, what have those regions become which the Roman writers described in such forbidding terms—the rigorous regions of the rugged and intractable north—Scythia, Britain, Germany, and Gaul? Beauty and freedom, exiled from the Roman empire, found shelter amidst those wastes; material necessities sprang from the soil at the call of labour, and fanes and fabrics, and palaces and principalities rose upon the spots where the wild beast made its lair, and over which the eagle hovered and screamed. It is for man that the “wilderness and the solitary place are glad;” it is at the commanding spell of his genius that the “desert rejoices and blossoms as the rose;” literally enough, “in the habitation of dragons, where each lay springs the grass with reeds and rushes”—proof that something more goes to make a world than Dr. Büchner’s *Force and Matter*. It is soul which engrafts on nature its own good or evil seeds, and man is grafting now the vast unoccupied prairies and forests of America, Australia, and the great Oceanic Islands. Man is draining off the superfluous waters, effecting clearings in the great tracts of forest-land, striking roots of communication from the ocean bay to the sweet interior valley, and compelling stern, immutable, savage or seductive nature to give up her contest with him, and own the being her Creator sent to rule her and have dominion over her. Mr. Marsh brings out, however, with, we had almost said fearful power, the destructiveness of man; and man has, no doubt, yet to learn greatly how to utilize his forces. Two great kingdoms of nature especially call for this remark—the kingdoms of floods and forests. A careful reading of the volume before us will, perhaps, set in a clear light many of those recent changes in climate which have been at once a mystery and, in many regions, a misery to the human populations.

Usually, the destruction of the woods is man’s first great physical conquest—his first violation of the harmony of inani-

mate nature; he fills the open ground along the margin of the river, the lake, and the sea, peoples the meadows and savannahs, and then finds himself capable only of farther growth by cutting down the forest that hems him in; but the forest is one of the great life-preservers of the globe; it may almost be said that forests are the lungs of the world—for the ocean, the winds, and the woods form a great distillatory apparatus; the sea is the boiler in which vapour is raised by the solar heat; the winds are the guiding tubes which carry the vapours to the forests, where a lower temperature prevails, and there the vapours are condensed, and thus the masses of rain are distilled from the clouds floating in the atmosphere, from the woods beneath them. Hence, the woods, both in summer and in winter, tend to increase the fall of rain, and thus they influence the humidity of the soils and the flow of springs. It seems clear that, in countries where great clearings have been made, there has been a diminution of the flow of springs; the immense importance of the forest as a reservoir for a stock of moisture thus becomes apparent; the forest softens the temperature and assimilates the surrounding climate to the tenderness of softer skies. For these reasons, which also instantly suggest others, the forest checks the precipitation of the torrent; or the bleak winds would sweep down from the mountains; the soil be bared of its covering of leaves and pulverized by the action of sun and wind, and whole regions, as Mr. Marsh strikingly expresses it, "are converted from a sponge into a dust-heap." Thus, in two ways, the extensive destruction of forests works irreparable and appalling mischief. Many districts of Europe are now suffering extensively from the causes to which we have referred; in several countries, especially in France and Switzerland, whole provinces are converted from forest-crowned hills, luxuriant pasture grounds, abundant corn-fields and vineyards into bleak, bare, mountain ridges, rocky declivities and steep earth banks and ravines, whose beds are now dry, and presently filled with torrents of fluid mud and gravel, hurrying down to spread themselves over the plain, and dooming to barrenness the once productive fields. Mr. Marsh accumulates a number of instances thus illustrating the destructive influence of man. He has been able to notice how, within the last century, the clearing of the forests, giving rise and pathway to the mountain torrents, has buried beneath sand and gravel more land than has been gained by the clearing. Here are some. He says:

These facts I take from the *La Provence au point de vue des Bois, des Torrents, et des Inondations*, of Charles de Ribbe, one of the highest authorities, and I add further details from the same source.

"Commune of Barles, 1707: Two hills have become connected by land slides, and have formed a lake which covers the best part of the soil. 1746: New slides buried twenty houses composing a village, no trace of which is left; more than one third of the land had disappeared.

"Monans, 1724: Deserted by its inhabitants and no longer cultivated.

"Gueydan, 1760: It appears by records that the best grounds have been swept off since 1756, and that ravines occupy their place.

"Digne, 1762: The river Bléone has destroyed the most valuable part of the territory.

"Malmaison, 1768: The inhabitants have emigrated, all their fields having been lost."

In the case of the commune of St. Laurent du Var, it appears that, after clearings in the Alps, succeeded by others in the common woods of the town, the floods of the torrent Var became more formidable, and had already carried off much land as early as 1708. "The clearing continued, and more soil was swept away in 1761. In 1762, after another destructive inundation, many of the inhabitants emigrated, and in 1765, one half of the territory had been laid waste.

"In 1766, the assessor Serraire said to the Assembly: 'As to the damage caused by brooks and torrents, it is impossible to deny its extent. Upper Provence is in danger of total destruction, and the waters which lay it waste threaten also the ruin of the most valuable grounds on the plain below. Villages have been almost submerged by torrents which formerly had not even names, and large towns are on the point of destruction from the same cause.'"

In 1776, Viscount Puget thus reported: "The mere aspect of Upper Provence is calculated to appal the patriotic magistrate. One sees only lofty mountains, deep valleys with precipitous sides, rivers with broad beds and little water, impetuous torrents, which in floods lay waste the cultivated land upon their banks and roll huge rocks along their channels; steep and parched hillsides, the melancholy consequences of indiscriminate clearing; villages whose inhabitants, finding no longer the means of subsistence, are emigrating day by day; houses dilapidated to huts, and but a miserable remnant of population."

"In a document of the year 1771, the ravages of the torrents were compared to the effects of an earthquake, half the soil in many communes seeming to have been swallowed up."

"Our mountains," said the administrators of the province of the Lower Alps in 1792, "present nothing but a surface of stony tufa; clearing is still going on, and the little rivulets are becoming torrents. Many communes have lost their harvests, their flocks, and their houses by floods. The washing down of the mountains is to be ascribed to the clearings and the practice of burning them over."

These complaints, it will be seen, all date before the Revolution, but the desolation they describe has since advanced with still swifter steps.

He continues.—

Surell—whose valuable work, *Étude sur les Torrents des Hautes Alpes*, published in 1841, presents the most appalling picture of the desolations

of the torrent, and, at the same time, the most careful studies of the history and essential character of this great evil—in speaking of the valley of Dévoluy, on page 152, says: “Everything concurs to show that it was anciently wooded. In its peat bogs are found buried trunks of trees, monuments of its former vegetation. In the frame-work of old houses, one sees enormous timber, which is no longer to be found in the district. Many localities, now completely bare, still retain the name of ‘wood,’ and one of them is called, in old deeds, *Comba nigra* [Black forest or dell], on account of its dense woods. These and many other proofs confirm the local traditions which are unanimous on this point.”

“There, as everywhere in the Upper Alps, the clearings began on the flanks of the mountains, and were gradually extended into the valleys and then to the highest accessible peaks. Then followed the Revolution, and caused the destruction of the remainder of the trees which had thus far escaped the woodman’s axe.”

In a note to this passage, the writer says: “Several persons have told me that they had lost flocks of sheep, by straying, in the forests of Mont Auroux, which covered the flanks of the mountain from La Cluse to Agnères. These declivities are now as bare as the palm of the hand.”

The ground upon the steep mountains being once bared of trees, and the underwood killed by the grazing of horned cattle, sheep, and goats, every depression becomes a watercourse. “Every storm,” says Surell, page 153, “gives rise to a new torrent. Examples of such are shown, which, though not yet three years old, have laid waste the finest fields, their valleys, and whole villages have narrowly escaped being swept into ravines formed in the course of a few hours. Sometimes the flood pours in a sheet over the surface, without ravine or even bed, and ruins extensive grounds, which are abandoned for ever.

These calamities still go on. Agricultural capital is daily swept away by the waters. Mr. Marsh speaks of unparalleled destitution visible in the mountain zone, while the solitude of certain districts assumes an indescribable character of sterility and desolation. The gradual destruction of the wood has, in innumerable localities, annihilated springs and fuel; but our readers are perhaps familiar with the humorous description of the sale of a whole forest in Berlepsch’s *Sketches of Life and Nature among the Mountains of the Alps*. There is no conception of the necessity of the conservation of the forests. “The mountains have plenty of high forests; they will last my time,” thinks the peasant, and so the work of spoilation goes on. The Alpine forest is monotonous and unpretentious; it is not clothed with attractive splendour of colour; solitude takes up no abode within it; it is a thoroughly romantic wilderness. The Ban forest, as it is called, is to hinder, by its mass of strong, upright stems, the breaking loose and the sliding down of the vast heaps of snow accumulating during the winter. The inhabitants of the Alps

saw the necessity of sparing the forests years ago and therefore, they were called 'ban forests,' and the law was clothed with strange mystical wonders and popular superstitions, and unseen powers were supposed to guard and to keep sacred the consecrated trees. Thus, in *William Tell* :—

Walter (pointing to the Baunberg)—

Father, is it true that on the mountain there,
The trees if wounded with a hatchet bleed?

Tell. Who says so, boy?

Walter. The master herdsman, father!

He tells us there's a charm upon the trees,
And if a man shall injure them, the hand
That struck the blow will grow from out the grave.

Tell. There is a charm about them, that's the truth.

Dost see those glaciers yonder—those white horns—
That seem to melt away into the sky?

Walter. They are the peaks that thunder so at night,
And send the avalanches down upon us.

Tell. They are, and Alsdorf long ago had been
Submerged beneath these avalanches' weight,
Did not the forest there above the town
Stand like a bulwark to arrest their fall.*

There is a district between Grenoble and Briançon, in the valley of the Romanche, where many villages are so destitute of wood as to be reduced to the necessity of baking their bread with sun-dried cow dung; the bread becomes so hard that it can only be cut by an axe, and M. Blanqui says, "I have myself seen a loaf of bread in September, at the kneading of which I was present the January previous." Regions visited by Arthur Young in 1789, along whose hill pastures roamed a million of sheep, beside large herds of other cattle, are now rapidly hastening to the condition of a desert. These are momentous reflections, very suggestive and illustrative of the destructive character of man. Mr. Marsh's more immediate purpose in making these observations seems to be, if possible, to expostulate against a similar destruction going on in his own country. In Europe, he thinks, the matter is hopeless, but the Adirondach forest, by its extensive clearings, he thinks, will expose the regions of Northern New York to similar destructions, creating, by the deposit of sediment, obstructions in the Hudson; removing the screens against the chilling blasts of the north wind from the fertile plains of the central counties, destroying the equilibrium of temperature and humidity. In any case, the subject, as he has opened it up, presents a wide tract of observation and interest. Mr. Marsh loves the forest and pleads for it;

* Schiller's *William Tell*, Bohn's edition.

he sets its meteorological importance in a very clear light, and it does seem that it is not only, as we have said, the great organ for the respiration of the world, but the forest seems almost indigenous. Our author says, indeed, he is convinced that forests would very soon cover many parts of the Arabian and African deserts if man and the domestic animals, especially the camel and the goat, were banished from them. The camel is especially an enemy to all vegetation; his hard palate and tongue and strong teeth, enable him to break off and masticate tough and thorny branches as large as the finger; he spares no tree whose branches are within his reach. Young trees sprout plentifully round the springs, and along the winter water courses—the halting places of the caravans in the routes of travel. In the shade of these trees annual grasses and perennial shrubs shoot up, but they are rapidly mown down by the hungry cattle of the Bedouin as fast as they grow. Mr. Marsh is persuaded that a few years of undisturbed vegetation would suffice to cover these spots with groves, and these, in turn, would spread themselves over soils where now nothing but the poisonous foxglove and the bitter colocynth are ever seen. Perhaps, too, the speculations of Mr. Marsh guide us to some knowledge as to the origin of these vast deserts and sheets of sand; we have abundant reason to know that the mountains were not always as unclothed as at present; even there man has most probably created the meteoric and mechanical influences which again have produced the conditions favourable to the production of sand from the disintegrated rock. We may be sure that when the beautiful palaces of Arabia Petrea—its temples, theatres, and vaults—were constructed, whoever were their builders, they were not reared and excavated as now they stand, in a leafless, grass-less, spring-less solitude, with no charm to break the monotonous intercourse of the bald desert and the hot sun. The chapter Mr. Marsh has devoted to desert sands leads us out into many observations which are scarcely speculation, and which, perhaps, might even weigh a little on the mind of self-sufficient Dr. Colenso, whose embarrassment with reference to the residence of the Israelites in the wilderness only really leaves occasion for the remark, that there is every probability that the wilderness was a different region to that which we know it to be now. The forest, however, is, from every aspect, a more interesting and delightful region than the desert. We must send our readers who may be disposed to enter more fully into the dynamical and cosmical influences of forest life to Mr. Marsh's volume, and every department opens up tracts of suggestive thought; he deals with these vast king-

doms of wood simply in relation to their great relations to man, forests as the camps of primeval tribes, the haunts of romance, the shelters of bandit hordes and outlaws, the cradles of village life and infant populations. These are not the aspects which come under review here. Man in the woods is an interesting, but not usually a very beautiful, spectacle; as a race rises to agriculture it becomes hostile to the forests. The trees, as we have seen, are in the way of the spade and the plough, and the wood gives less booty than the field, the garden, or the vineyard. It is a pleasant romance to transfer the imagination to that strange life, the solitude of those primeval mountains and forests. Hills, it may be, crowned with palm trees and arborescent ferns, and at night to conceive all the sounds which shake the dark regions of the solemn wood. Trees again of stupendous height, under whose bushy, deep foliage reigns a dim twilight, a perpetual obscurity, of which our forests of pines, oaks, and beech trees convey no idea. Storms, the thunder rolling at a distance, the clouds suspended on the top of the lofty mountains, and the plaintive howling of the beasts presaging the storm—such is the romance of the forest; but the design of Mr. Marsh is not to be poetic, or romantic, or historic, but practical. But the electrical influence of trees, and their power to excite or conduct electricity, their consequent influence on the electrical state of the atmosphere, and the chemical influence of the forest, by which the close apartment of the air is affected, by the inspiration and expiration of the vast carbonaceous regions, and the influence of the forest as inorganic matter, as an absorbent, radiator, and conductor of heat—considerations like these, it is manifest, lead to important results. It is seen how, if huge, dank, overgrown vegetation has a tendency to create plague and fever, forests and trees are also a protection against malaria; they form a wall or vegetable screen, guarding against the exhalation from marshes, and other sources of disease; and it is remarkable that the great swamps of the Virginias and Carolinas, in climates nearly similar to that of Italy, are healthy, even to the white man, so long as the forests in and around them remain; but become very insalubrious—and here again we have a key to the insalubrity of Rome and the country round Rome—when the forests, the great ventilators, have been removed, and malaria reigns almost undisputed lord of the soil. Thus we find how, in innumerable ways, the great arrangements of nature all tend to conserve the welfare of the globe; the forest obstructs the passage of air currents over the ground, which is one of the most efficient agents in promoting evaporation, and the refrigeration resulting from it. In the forest the

air is almost quiescent, and moves only as local changes of temperature affect the specific gravity of its particles. Hence, there is often a dead calm in the woods when a furious blast is raging in the open country, at a few yards distance. But the tranquillity of nature is strangely contrasted with the incessant activity of man. "Nothing can be compared," says Humboldt, "to the stillness which the aspect of the firmament presents in the region of South America." He speaks of the time when tracing with the eye, at nightfall, the meadows which bounded the horizon—the plain covered with verdure and gently undulated. "We thought we beheld from afar as in the deserts of the Orinoco, the surface of the ocean supporting the starry vault of heaven. The tree under which we were seated, the luminous insects flying in the air, the constellations which shone in the south—every object seemed to tell us how far we were from our native land. Amidst this exotic nature, from the depth of the valley was heard the tinkling of a bell, the lowing of herds, and the memory of the native land instantly awakened; the mobile imagination of man, eternal source of his pleasures and pains, has a magical power to transport from one hemisphere to another." But it is in this restlessness of the imagination we discover not only the greatness of man but his power over inanimate nature, for all true progress and improvement. This has aided him to transform the face of Europe, the face of the world; in some regions, in thousands of years, but in others in centuries. What changes has he not effected! There are few districts where the vegetable world can be seen in its original condition; only in the Polar countries, and in the regions of the Alpine zone, where no plough furrows, where no spade turns the earth, where no garden plant is sown, no tree planted, man uses those spots for grazing alone; and only in such a way as would occur to nature if she were left wholly to herself. Hence, if each nation has its characteristic plants, how man in general improves them—the bread plants, the cotton plant; while what a story might be told of the relative triumphs of the potatoe and tobacco. Yet the more useful plant has spread but slowly and with difficulty, compared with the mere plant of luxury; and nature is everywhere alive; we read of beauty and vegetation in the very darkness of the cave of death, as in the grotto of Caripe, which blooms in all the beauty and life of subterranean vegetation—organization working amidst the darkness—birds flying through the gloom, depositing seeds—and there rising into loveliness although not into light.

As a familiar illustration of the influence of the forest in checking the movement of winds, I may mention the well-known fact, that the sensible cold is never extreme in thick woods, where the motion of the air is little felt. The lumbermen in Canada and the Northern United States labour in the woods, without inconvenience, when the mercury stands many degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit, while in the open grounds, with only a moderate breeze, the same temperature is almost insupportable. The engineers and firemen of locomotives, employed on railways running through forests of any considerable extent, observe that, in very cold weather, it is much easier to keep up the steam while the engine is passing through the woods than in the open ground. As soon as the train emerges from the shelter of the trees the steam gauge falls, and the stoker is obliged to throw in a liberal supply of fuel to bring it up again.

Another less frequently noticed fact, due, no doubt, in a great measure to the immobility of the air, is, that sounds are transmitted to incredible distances in the unbroken forest. Many instances of this have fallen under my own observation, and others, yet more striking, have been related to me by credible and competent witnesses familiar with a more primitive condition of the Anglo-American world. An acute observer of natural phenomena, whose childhood and youth were spent in the interior of one of the newer New England States, has often told me that when he established his home in the forest, he always distinctly heard, in still weather, the splash of horses' feet, when they forded a small brook nearly seven-eighths of a mile from his house, though a portion of the wood that intervened consisted of a ridge seventy or eighty feet higher than either the house or the ford.

I have no doubt that in such cases the stillness of the air is the most important element in the extraordinary transmissibility of sound; but it must be admitted that the absence of the multiplied and confused noises, which accompany human industry in countries thickly peopled by man, contributes to the same result. We become, by habit, almost insensible to the familiar and never-resting voices of civilization in cities and towns; but the indistinguishable drone, which sometimes escapes even the ear of him who listens for it, deadens and often quite obstructs the transmission of sounds which would otherwise be clearly audible. An observer, who wishes to appreciate that hum of civic life which he cannot analyze, will find an excellent opportunity by placing himself on the hill of Capo di Monte at Naples, in the line of prolongation of the street called Spaccanapoli.

It is probably to the stillness of which I have spoken, that we are to ascribe the transmission of sound to great distances at sea in calm weather. In June, 1853, I and my family were passengers on board a ship of war bound up the *Ægean*. On the evening of the 27th of that month, as we were discussing, at the tea table, some observations of Humboldt on this subject, the captain of the ship told us that he had once heard a single gun at sea at the distance of ninety nautical miles. The next morning, though a light breeze had sprung up from the north, the sea was of glassy smoothness when we went on deck. As we came

up, an officer told us that he had heard a gun at sunrise, and the conversation of the previous evening suggested the inquiry whether it could have been fired from the combined French and English fleet then lying at Beshika Bay. Upon examination of our position we were found to have been, at sunrise, ninety sea miles from that point. We continued beating up northward, and between sunrise and twelve o'clock meridian of the 28th, we had made twelve miles northing, reducing our distance from Beshika Bay to seventy-eight sea miles. At noon we heard several guns so distinctly that we were able to count the number. On the 29th we came up with the fleet, and learned from an officer who came on board that a royal salute had been fired at noon on the 28th, in honor of the day as the anniversary of the Queen of England's coronation. The report at sunrise was evidently the morning gun, those at noon the salute.

Such cases are rare, because the sea is seldom still, and the *κυμάτων ἀνήριδμον γέλασμα* rarely silent, over so great a space as ninety or even seventy-eight nautical miles. I apply the epithet *silent* to *γέλασμα* advisedly. I am convinced that Æschylus meant the audible laugh of the waves, which is indeed of *countless* multiplicity, not the visible smile of the sea, which, belonging to the great expanse as one impersonation, is single, though, like the human smile, made up of the play of many features.

From considerations such as these which have occupied our attention, Mr. Marsh conducts us to the consideration of those great enterprises of physical transformation which are even now engaging the mind of man, such as the Suez canal—the greatest and most truly cosmopolite physical improvement ever undertaken by man. If successful, it is probable that it will affect, to a considerable degree, the basins of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Should a free channel be once cut from sea to sea, it is impossible to estimate, or even to foresee, the consequences which may result from the unobstructed mingling of the flowing and ebbing currents of the Red Sea with the almost tideless waters of the Mediterranean. The Mediterranean is poor in marine vegetation; the bottom of the Red Sea is carpeted or paved with marine plants, zoophytes, and shells, and its waters are teeming with infinitely varied forms of moving life. Will not these populations be affected by the communications of these seas? Moreover, is it not most probable that, if the canal succeeds, considerable towns will spring up at once at both ends of the channel, and at intermediate points, all depending on the maintenance of aqueducts from the Nile both for water and the irrigation of the neighbouring fields which are to supply them with bread? What changes look upon us from the accomplishment of such designs as these! There is yet another gigantic project of canalization proposed

by man; it is the junction of the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific across the Isthmus of Darien—the open cut between the two seas. As yet, the work seems to exist only in a dream, but great geographers look out to the time when this great thought shall be achieved. The following passage is an illustration of the manner in which men advance in their bold speculations:—

What those consequences would be, is in a great degree matter of pure conjecture, and there is much room for the exercise of the imagination on the subject; but, as more than one geographer has suggested, there is one possible result which throws all other conceivable effects of such a work quite into the shade. I refer to the changes in course of the two great oceanic rivers, the Gulf Stream and the corresponding current on the Pacific side of the isthmus. The warm waters which the Gulf stream transports to high latitudes and then spreads out, like an expanded hand, along the eastern shores of the Atlantic, give out, as they cool, heat enough to raise the mean temperature of Western Europe several degrees. In fact, the Gulf Stream is the principal cause of the superiority of the climate of Western Europe over those of Eastern America and Eastern Asia in the corresponding latitudes. All the meteorological conditions of the former region are in a great measure regulated by it, and hence it is the grandest and most beneficent of all purely geographical phenomena. We do not yet know enough of the laws which govern the movements of this mighty flood of warmth and life to be able to say whether its current would be perceptibly affected by the severance of the Isthmus of Darien; but as it enters and sweeps round the Gulf of Mexico, it is possible that the removal of the resistance of the land which forms the western shore of that sea, might allow the stream to maintain its original westward direction, and join itself to the tropical current of the Pacific.

The effect of such a change would be an immediate depression of the mean temperature of Western Europe to the level of that of Eastern America, and perhaps the climate of the former continent might become as excessive as that of the latter, or even a new "ice period" be occasioned by the withdrawal of so important a source of warmth from the northern zones. Hence would result the extinction of vast multitudes of land and sea plants and animals, and a total revolution in the domestic and rural economy of human life in all those countries from which the New World has received its civilized population. Other scarcely less startling consequences may be imagined as possible; but the whole speculation is too dreary, distant, and improbable to deserve to be long indulged in.

Mr. Marsh's last chapter in his very interesting book is devoted to a review of many of these daring suggestions of the future possibilities of the struggles of nature and of man. But there is no stopping as we proceed to review the strange, frequently the grotesque, achievements of man. The Campo

Santa at Pisa is filled, or at least coated, with earth from the Holy Land; the garden of the monastery of St. Catherine at Mount Sinai is composed of Nile mud, transported on the backs of camels from the banks of that river; and Parthey and older authors state that all the productive soil of the Isle of Malta was brought over from Sicily. Let it be admitted that there is exaggeration in these statements, still, much of the wine of the Moselle is derived from grapes grown on earth carried high up the cliffs on the shoulders of men, while, in China, rock has been artificially covered with earth to an extent giving such operations real geographical importance. Thus man imprints himself upon his world; sometimes by incidental effects,—our towns and cities are full of memorial traces like those floors of the old churches in Italy, not more than six or seven centuries old, now three or four feet beneath the adjacent streets, though it is proved by excavations that they were built as many feet above them; and, sometimes by his resistance to the great natural forces, and his powers of coping with and overcoming them. Man cannot avert the eruption of a volcano, or diminish the quantity of melted rock it pours out from its bowels; but it is possible to divert the course of a large current of lava; and in the eruption of Vesuvius in 1794, the Viceroy saved from impending destruction the town of Portici, and the valuable collection of antiquities, then deposited there, by employing several thousand men to dig a ditch above the town by which the lava current was carried off in another direction. Such considerations as these seem to demand, in addition to Dr. Büchner's Force and Matter, for a third great factor in the world—Soul. Force and matter will not account for man, or for all these changes he has effected and is effecting. The subject is susceptible of more extensive amplification—*Man and Nature*; indeed, it is a comprehensive history of the globe. Man is everywhere effecting his wonderful changes; that is, he is everywhere engrafting his thoughts. The education of man on the earth, it must be admitted, is not unlike the education of monkeys. It has been noticed that, in their development, monkeys are more melancholy in proportion as they have more resemblance to man; their sprightliness diminishes as their intellectual faculties appear to increase. But it does not enter into Mr. Marsh's plan, so neither shall it enter into the course of our remarks, to notice the varieties or the development of the sections of our race; it is enough, now, to notice how all things seem to exist for the cultivation of power in him, and how all things, when they have served their purpose, retire before him. He makes physical agents moral reformers, and the elements em-

ployed by God in the great work of creation become the ministering angels in the advancement and redemption of the race. Goodness, and beauty, and utility—the heart, the form, and the hand—these underlie and overlie everywhere, and they all three branch from each other; hence, man has achieved so much that it almost seems that that which we call the supernatural is only the unknown, that the springs of mystical and invisible knowledge do not differ in quality but only in degree. But man is constantly wresting some portion of dominion from mere inanimate and unintelligent nature, and placing it beneath the sceptre of his consciousness and mind. The enchanted horse of the Arabian magician, the magic carpet of the German sorcerer, were poor and vulgar contrivances of fancy compared with the wires of the electrician; and the powers of the Scandinavian mythology, by which the powers of evil were endowed with the gift of passing from one point to another with imperceptible speed, have been outstripped by the discoveries of modern days. It seems almost as if these freaks of the imagination, these wild and morbid dreams of the fancy, were the archetypal ideas of things to be realised by science—voices going before the greater wonders, and saying, *they* are coming! Thus the cosmos is modified by man. We read, indeed, such travels as Humboldt's, and it almost seems that man is powerless amidst the vast and awful scenes, to roam amidst the vast savannahs of the Atures, never inundated by rivers, and waiting to be ploughed by the hand of man; glens and blocks of granite glorified by the setting sun; hollows where the humid soil, loaded with arums, heliconias, and lianas, attest at every step the wild fecundity of nature; shelves of granite, and springs gushing from among the rocks; clusters of small trees and shining leaves; palms shooting up like columns a hundred or a hundred and twenty feet high; the fine vegetation of the mountains spreading over the plains wherever the rock is covered with the mould. Scenes like these, on the banks of the Orinoco, seem to rebuke the indolence of man dwelling in poverty in the midst of his sickly and crowded cities, far from the solemn shade of forests and from the eternal roar of rivers. When will man break up the monotony and the gloom and uniformity of those steppes?

Considerations like these certainly seem to imply that man is only as yet in the infancy of his race: he has made bad use of his powers hitherto, and there do not seem to be indications that he is prepared to mend his behaviour. The state of Europe, and of the great vexed state of America, show how man is still disposed to employ his powers of destruction, not

on the forms and forces of nature, which exist to retard his progress, but in the vain work of destroying his own cities, and the life of his fellow man, while vast regions and continents wait to own his sway, while the populations of millions of savage tribes exist without a guide or a teacher, while nature, with all her benevolence, is ready to lavish her bounties upon him.

IV.

A SHEET OF CRITICISM ON SOME RECENT VOLUMES
OF VERSELETS.*

THE volumes we have mentioned below have, most of them, for some time been lying on our table. They have solicited our notice, and they have received it; and there is much in many of their pages which, if not claiming place either in the first or second rank of English poetry, is very pleasant and gratifying reading. We hear much loud complaint touching the poverty of modern poetry, but we are pleased at any opportunity for the expressing of our faith that we get a great deal more good poetry than we deserve. Poets and preachers are something alike; there is a good deal of small fry among them both; still, whitebait has the reputation of being very nice eating. People go off into raptures about the Bossuets and Massillons, the Halls and the Irvings, the Chrysostoms and the Jeremy Taylors, and it must be admitted that these are very rare birds indeed. Eagles and birds of paradise are rare. Meantime, there are many thousands of pulpits, and while in many of them, every week, a good deal of very strange stuff is minced up, we believe in a very great number, words as true, and beautiful, and real are spoken, in their way, as refreshing and worthy as were the words of Basil or Bourdaloue in their days. It is the same with poets as with preachers; there goes on, of course, a great deal of sneering; there is no doubt a good deal of vanity over sermon-making, and over verse-making; but this ought not to permit us to be forgetful of the real excellence there is in much of both; indeed,

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- * 1. *The Infant Bridal and other Poems.* By Aubrey de Vere. Macmillan & Co.
 2. *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* By Aubrey de Vere. Richardson & Son.
 . *Kilnaboe; a Highland Pastoral: with other Poems.* By John Campbell Shairp. Macmillan.
 . *Undertones.* By Robert Buchanan. Moxon & Co.
 . *My Beautiful Lady.* By Thomas Woolner. Macmillan & Co.
 . *Thoughts from a Girl's Life.* By Lucy Fletcher. Macmillan.

verse-making, when pursued in a reverent spirit, in a frame of mind, watching, receiving, and affectionately communicating, has very much the character of the sermon; it is original remarking, of more or less depth of feeling or insight into the ways and works of nature, and an entrance with more or less of power into the human spirit. We often hear persons express an ability to read only the big words of the big poets; in such a case we are sometimes thankful for our own exceeding mental mediocrity. We often meet with a verse or a poem here and there in the volume of one comparatively unknown, which is, we confess it with shame in the feeling of our dwarfed mental dimensions, quite charming to us. We believe we shall some day attempt to set before our readers some thoughts and readings from a number of the overlooked poets of our country, ancient and modern; our modest estimate of our own powers has made us familiar with such things; to sail with Satan his strange voyage through the black limbo, or stand by his side while he goes on swearing in that shameful manner at the sun—we cannot be always on the stretch in that fashion. Spenser's forest and all its glamoury rather tires, and all the more because one is obliged to go on with it when one begins, and then these fellows very awkwardly remind one, while one reads, of their superiority, and seem to say, "now, you cannot do it like that." It is, therefore, we suppose, sheerly from our own want of self appreciation that we are able in this way to enjoy a volume of verse without the pomp of Milton, the subtlety of Browning, or the melody of Tennyson. We say all this as an apology for daring to admire any verses which put forth modest claims; also as a reason for our heresy in the belief, that good verses are to be met with among humble poets by those who can read without the essential accompaniments of the reviewer, a sneer and a snarl. Aubrey de Vere, indeed, ought scarcely to be introduced with apologetic sentences like these, and, were the volumes before us not so many, we should very gladly have given a longer space to the review of his frequently very melodious thoughts. *The Infant Bridal* has been long published, and the volume in which it appears is, for the most part, a selection from its author's many volumes. We always admired the rich devotional element in Aubrey de Vere; he has been compelled, he would perhaps tell us, to fly to the Romish Church for that inspired and inspiring sensuousness which his nature demands; his verses are rather sensitive and conscientious than thoughtful. There are, frequently, lines which reveal a nature striving against the difficulties and besetments of itself; thus,

THE SOUL'S WASTE.

COULDST thou but keep each noble thought
 Thou fling'st in words away,
 With quiet then thy night were fraught,
 With glory crowned thy day:
 But thou too idly and too long
 From bower to bower hast ranged;
 And Nature, trifled with, not loved,
 Will be at last avenged.

With pleasure oft, but ne'er with awe,
 Thou gazest on the skies:
 And from thy lips all zephyrs draw
 Their amplest harmonies.
 Beware! the hour is coming fast,
 When every warbled tone,
 That brims our hearts with joy, shall yield
 No sweetness to thine own.

Of a different order, but very finely and sensitively drawn, is

A CHARACTER.

SHE scarce can tell if she have loved or not;
 She of her heart no register has kept:
 She knows but this, that once too blest her lot
 Appeared for earth; and that ere long she wept.
 Upon life's daily task without pretence
 She moves; and many love her, all revere.
 She will be full of joy when summoned hence,
 Yet not unhappy seems while lingering here.
 If once her breast the storms of anguish tore
 On that pure lake no weeds or scum they cast:
 Time has ta'en from her much, but given her more;
 And of his gifts the best will be the last.
 Her parents lie beneath the churchyard grass;
 On her own strength and foresight she is thrown,
 Who, while her brothers played, too timid was
 To join their sports; and played or sighed alone.
*Her heart is as a spot of hallowed ground
 Filled with old tombs and sacred to the Past,
 Such as near villages remote is found,
 Or rain-washed chancel in some woodland waste:*
 It once was pierced each day with some new stone,
 And thronged with weeping women and sad men;
 But now it lies with grass and flowers o'ergrown,
 And o'er it pipes the thrush and builds the wren.

The bolder note of Mr. De Vere, his Church harp, and its peculiar symbolism and mystical strain, appear in the following of his *May Carols* :—

SOLE Maker of the Worlds! They lay
 A barren blank, a void, a nought

Beyond the ken of solar ray
 Or reach of archangelic thought.
 Thou spak'st; and they were made! Forth sprang
 From every region of the abyss,
 Whose deeps, fire-cloven, with anthems rang,
 The spheres new-born and numberless.
 Thou spak'st:—upon the winds were found
 The astonished Eagles; awed and hushed
 Subsiding seas revered their bound,
 And the strong forests upward rushed.
 Before the Vision angels fell,
 As though the face of God they saw;
 And all the panting miracle
 Found rest within the arms of Law.
 Perfect, O God, Thy primal plan,
 That scheme frost-bound by Adam's sin;
 Create, within the heart of Man,
 Worlds meet for Thee, and dwell therein.
 From Thy bright realm of Sense and Nature
 Which flowers enwreath and stars begem,
 Shape Thou Thy Church, the crowned Creature,
 The Bride, the New Jerusalem!

Mr. de Vere is a true poet; perhaps he does not write too much, but publishes too much; thought and expression seem to flow rapidly with him. Has he not himself said, as we have quoted not long since, that each noble thought is not to be flung away in words, by which we are not to gather, we suppose, sinful words or sentimental words, but real words used in too great profusion; words used to prevent the furnace of thought and feeling from reaching its predestined flame. It perhaps, too will not seem a token of mere narrowness in us if we remark upon the almost exclusively cloistral strain of his verses. We cannot suppose, so long as he has written, and so thoroughly as his religious sentiment has imbued his verse, that any word of ours or of any other critic's could weigh with him; but we may remark, that the spirit of the cloister has warped a mind full of very large and generous thoughts and very tender sensibilities. We may remark of Mr. de Vere, that which we have noticed of so many of his school, that the sensitiveness is almost exclusively mediæval. We meet with few, if any, references to things which command our tenderest thought in the times in which we live. The *Christian Year* itself is scarcely so much the album of the cloister as these various volumes. We must say, that we think he might have served his readers and his own fame better, than by the publication of the volume called *The Infant Bridal*. He has not made nearly the best collection from his own poems. *The Waldenses* contains that which is a far

worthier exhibition of the bent of his genius ; indeed, that volume is a very treasurable book ; it abounds with couplets admirable in sensibility and expression ; how melodious the thought and feeling of such verses as the following :—

With eye abashed, and murmur low,
We name the name most dear :
*When most with holy Love we glow,
Most trembles holy Fear.*

• • • • •
“ O SISTER ! leave you thus undone
“ The bidding of the Lord ?
“ Or call you this a welcome ? Run,
“ And deck with me the board.”
Thus Martha spake : but spake to one
Who answered not a word :
For she kept ever singing,
“ There is no joy so sweet
“ As musing upon him we love ;
“ And sitting at his feet !”

O Sister ! must my hands alone
His board and bath prepare ?
His eyes are on you ! raise your own :
He'll find a welcome there !
Thus spake again, in loftier tone
That Hebrew woman fair.
But Mary still kept singing,
“ There is no joy so sweet,
“ As musing upon him we love ;
“ And resting at his feet !”

And the following midnight hymn—

THE stars shine bright while earth is dark !
While all the woods are dumb
How clear those far off silver chimes
From tower and turret come !
Chilly but sweet the midnight air :
And lo ! with every sound,
Down from the ivy-leaf a drop
Falls glittering to the ground.
'Twas night when Christ was born on earth ;
Night heard His faint, first cry ;
While Angels carolled round the star
Of the Epiphany.
Alas ! and is our love too weak
To meet Him on His way ?
To pray for nations in their sleep ?
For Love then let us pray !
Pray for the millions slumbering now :
The sick, who cannot sleep :
O may those sweet sounds waft them thoughts
As peaceful, and as deep.

Pray for the idle, and the vain :
O may that pure-toned bell
Disperse the Demon Powers of Air,
And evil Dreams dispel !

Pray for the aged, and the poor ;
The crown-encompassed head :
The friends of youth, now far away ;
The dying ; and the dead.

And ever let us wing our prayer
With praise : and ever say
Glory to God, who makes the night
Benignant as the day !

He is happy in his sonnets, and the subjects he chooses for them usually have much of freshness ; thus we have one on *Rationalism*.

*Notions of notions docketed and classed :
Shadows self-chased along a barren ground :
Pale tracks of foam in wandering waves half-drowned :
Thin shreds of song half lost in winter's blast—
These starved and squalid Systems cannot last.
Vainly man's plummet the great deep would sound ;
Man's arms enclose within their pigmy bound
Of sense, the Present, Future, and the Past.
Well skilled to trace the diagrams of thought,
Our modern Muse (with aid of compass) shines
In abstract lore of surfaces and lines :
Courses along Truth's limits ; enters not ;
Steps not across the threshold ; dares not tread
The space within devote to God and to the dead.*

And again, the *Unity of Objective Truth*—

TRUTHS are but relative : and day by day
Assume new phases while they waste away :
But Truth is absolute and whole ; one heart,
One soul, one spirit, all in every part.
Her vesture Truth divides not ; she bestows
All on her votaries, nothing on her foes.
Plunderers ! for favourite truths who spoil Truth's stem !
Alas for you !—those truths—alas for them !
Torn from the tree, ere long they lose their bloom,
Poor faded chaplets on the spoiler's tomb ;
And of their leaves decaying or decayed,
The poison draughts of future times are made.

We must leave Mr. de Vere. We never took up a volume of his which did not move us to very hearty and affectionate respect. A gentleman using his pen with such really devotional and sacramental purpose, to whom the use of the pen is indeed the murmuring of a holy meditation or a prayer, should surely have the effect to leave the spirit of the reader in no merely critical or captious frame. We do not here notice that, to us,

much seems the offspring of merely superstitious vagaries and fancies—the praise of Mary and the glorifying of the whole ritual of Rome; it is more to our taste to notice how he has escaped from nature into grace:

For what is Nature at the best?
An arch suspended in its spring;
An altar-step without a priest;
A throne whereon there sits no king.

It is more to our taste and pleasure to notice how his mind passes through the phantoms and forms—the phenomena of time and nature—to rest on God.

He only is Who ever was;
The All-measuring Mind; the Will Supreme
Rocks, mountains, worlds, like bubbles pass:
God is; the things not God, but seem.

And again—

In the dead calm, at cool of day,
We hear Thy voice, and turn, and flee:—
Thy love outstrips us on our way:
From Thee, O God, we fly—to Thee.

From the cloister to the mountains. *Kilmahoe* is as fresh a breeze of sweet mountain poetry as ever blew upon us; it is full of the very spirit of the lochs and tarns, the waterfalls and the sweet highland valleys. Whether Mr. Shairp will ever achieve more than this we cannot tell; but it should be a volume very dear to all whose hearts are in the highlands. He has a power and gift of most graphic painting; he can do the human part of it like Christopher North, and hit off unconscious nature like the Ettrick Shepherd. *Paul Jones* is one of the finest ballads we have had lately, and long as it is, we think our readers will thank us for quoting it.

PAUL JONES.

THE time was wild, there did come o'er the sea a troubled hum,
Of the marshalling of armies and of ships:
Kings from their thrones were dashed, and peoples, madly clashed
Together, met in grim death-grips.
Every hidden sluice of lawlessness was loose,
Evil men from restraint set free,
Pirates and brigands were haunting lonely lands,
And prowling on every sea.
Though the grey summer dawn up the shores the cry hath gone,
"Paul Jones comes, yonder is his sail;"
And startled mothers prest their babies to their breast,
And the manliest cheeks turned to pale.
With the sou'-west blowing strong, he hath wrestled all night long,
And the breakers roaring white upon his lee.

Now with flow of morning tide from the Atlantic wide
He is setting for our island sea.

As from mountain tops amain stoops the eagle to the plain,
See, with every stitch of sail unfurled,
He sweeps past Ailsa Craig with the sable pirate flag
Bearing death, from the western world.

Sheer on—he is bearing down on the little harbour town,
That crouched in its sheltered bay doth lie;
Will he try if the roof of Kilmahoe be proof
To his guns, as he sweepeth by?

Yet what seeks he here? is his tackle out of gear?
Is he tempest-maimed, mast or yard?
What can our small port give, where only poor men live,
To fix this cruel man's regard?

Like men of reason reft, the fisher-folk have left
Their boats and their nets to the waves,
And are up wi' wives and bairns among the mountain cairns,
The corries and dank dripping caves.

And all the harbour bay is tumult and deray,
Men and women hurrying here and there;
Some to cellars underground, and some have refuge found,
High aloof on the uplands bare.

Yon veterans on the steep, by the ruined castle-keep,
With their rusty guns how crouselly they crawl!
"Let the pirate show his beak this side the island peak,
How his Yankee kaim we will claw!"

But at bonny Kilmahoe, will they stay? will they go?
What is doing at the old farm toun?
Men stand agape and stare, lasses skirl and rive their hair,
That's what they're doing, lass and loon.

But the lone lady fair, with braided silver hair,
Down has steppit, when she heard the din,
"Do ye think that ye will flout, wi' your senseless roar and rout,
Paul Jones from his entering in?"

"'Twere better, lads, belyve, that ye should rise and drive
The kye and calves to the burnie cleuch;
And lasses, screech na here, but haste and hide our gear,
In the house, atweel, there is wark eneuch."

Then up the stair she stept to where her bairnies slept
In an upper chamber ben.

"Now, Flory! haste thee, flee, wi' my bonnie bairnies three
To the hills frae thae rover men.

There tide what may, they'll be safe a day
I' the how o' the brackeny glen."

Up the long broomy loan, wi' mickle dool and moan
And out upon the hillside track,
Nurse Flory forward bent, crooning as she went,
With the wee bairn clinging on her back.

But Moira hand in hand with Marion forward ran,
Nor dool nor any care had they,

But they chased the heather bee, and they sang aloud for glee,
As they hied up the mountain way.

When the hill-top they had clomb, one glance back to their home,
And awesome was the sight that they saw;
Close in shore the pirate bark on the bright sea looming dark:
On their little hearts fell fear and awe.

One quick glance at the ship, and o'er the edge they dip,
And down to the long glen run;
Where the burnie gleams between its braes o' bracken green,
And one lone sheiling reeks i' the sun.

There to daunder all the day, pu'ing blueworts on the brae,
Or the curls of the newly sprouted fern;
Or to Ailie's sheil out-owre, to bield them from the shower,
Or paidling barefoot in the burn.

But down at Kilmahoe all was hurrying to and fro,
And stowing away of the gear,
And the lady's self bare forth the things of choicest worth,
The heirlooms that her husband held dear.

And she dug for them a tomb beneath the snowy bloom
Of the old pear tree's hugest arm,
As tho' that giant of his race, the patriarch of the place,
By power of immemorial charm,
Girt the whole orchard ground with a magic safety round,
And screened all within from harm.

"What can be done is done, weel ye've born your part, each one:"—
To her elder daughters twain spake she,—

"Now ye maun climb outright to Crochnachaorach height,
And see what the end will be.

For me, I will abide my gude auld house beside,
While my house bides by me."

From that knowe in long suspense, with eager eyes intense,
They watch the dark hull heave to and fro,
As if through the harbour mouth, that opens on the south,
She would go, and yet would not go,
O'er her purpose pausing, like a falcon poised to strike,
Yet hovering ere he stoop below.

But the breeze sprung up off shore, and round the great ship wore,
With her head to the Atlantic main,
As the falcon down the wind sudden wheels, and far behind,
Leaves his quarry, to return no more again.

From many a hidden nook, from many a high outlook,
Straining eyes westward long were bent
On the dim tower of sail, with the evening fading pale,
Where the ocean with the heaven was blent.

Let them gaze, there is one cannot gaze till all be done,
She hath taken all unseen her way,
The lady, through the still of the twilight up the hill,
Where her heart hath been yearning all the day.

And there, out owre the knowes, hair streamed back from her brows,
And the mountain flush bright upon her cheek,

Came Moira, and her face plunged deep in that embrace—
And then Marion, too full at heart to speak.

Last of all, the lady prest her wee bairn to her breast,
And their hearts of joy had their fill;
As the covey to the call of moor-hen meets at fall
Of gloamin', when the fowler leaves the hill.

Forth at morn they went and weeped, and joy at eve they reaped,
Yea, the day's pain, if tenfold more,
In the meeting of the night had found harvest of delight,
That repaid it o'er and o'er.

They who then were little ones, of the coming of Paul Jones,
And the fray of that affrighted morn,
Shall tell, as grey-haired dames, by yet unlit ingle flames,
To children that are yet to be born.

But what strange impulse bore to this secluded shore
That bark, none ever will make plain;
Nor what sudden fear had sway to waft him west away
Back to night and the Atlantic main.

Kilmahoe has a strong colouring of local highland beauty, grandeur and strength;—it is the story of the real life of a family living in the Western Highlands during the quiet generation between the stirring times of 1745 and the changes of our own age. There is much that reminds us of Wordsworth in the still, beautiful, rural tranquillity, and the calm flow of the human life.

Ah! simple and long
Are the faiths that they keep,
The roots of their love
Strike more clingingly deep,

Whose childhood hath grown
By calm mountains enfurled,
Not tossed on turmoil
Of a feverish world.

Kilmahoe is one poem although broken into parts, each with its own perfectness and completeness—each part a poem; the story of the old laird, and his life of peace by the vast blue sea, and the porphyry-columned isle in front of Ailsa Craig, with its gull and gannet—his declining days retaining the memory of old times far removed in their strife from the calm of his present—

Each morning these forty years and more,
He hath been stirring by crow of cock,
When dark, at business within the door,
In summer, with workers on fallow or lea,
Down on the home-fields by the sea,
Or up to the hill among the flock.

• • •

And every week as the Sabbath fell,
And the hills re-echoed the old kirk bell,
Winter and summer that reverent face
Was seen of all in the well-known place,
A beautiful life! but nearly o'er:
To market or kirk he'll return no more.

Another of the parts of the poem is called *The Sacramental Sabbath*. It is one of those beautiful pictures we realize on the canvas of the Norwegian painter, Tiedeman.

'Mid the folding mountains,
Old Kilcieran's lone kirkyard
Round its ruin'd chapel gathers,
Age by age, the grey hill-fathers
Underneath the heathery sward.

To this lonely church of many centuries come the living—to the place hallowed as the sleeping spot of the innumerable generations of the dead.

Lulled the sea this Sabbath morning,
Calm the golden-misted glens,
And the white clouds upward passing
Leave unveiled the azure Bens,
Altars pure to lift to heaven
Human hearts' unheard amens.

And the folk are flowing
Both from near and far, enticed
By old want and reverent feeling
Here to keep the hallowed tryst,
This calm sacramental Sabbath,
Far among the hills, with Christ.

Dwellers on this side the country
Take the shore-road, near their doors,
Poor blue-coated fishers, plaided
Crofters from the glens and moors,
Fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters,
Hither trooping, threes and fours.

Hither come the plaids seen only on the Sabbath, the best tartan hood of the wife, the grannie's white coif, the silken snood of the maiden—

You might see on old white horses
Aged farmers slowly ride,
With their wives behind them seated,
And the collie by their side;
While the young folk follow after,
Son and daughter, groom and bride.
There a boat or two is coming
From lone isle or headland o'er,
Many more, each following other,
Slowly pull along the shore,
Fore and aft to gunwale freighted
With the old, the weak, the poor.

Hither are coming the poor and the lame, the palsied, the widow, and the young and ruddy mother with the bairn at her breast; small bands are coming along the rough side of Kintyre—along the western shore of the Atlantic, far travelling over hill, river, moss and mire, to be in the church this Sacramental Sabbath; some from glen and corrie, from hill burns, from the sides of rivers winding through the vale to the open sea; and how, as they gather into the kirkyard, the throng becoming thicker and thicker, they go into nooks and corners, to grass-grown retreats, heeding not the living but busy with the dead; a widow rocks over the grave of one with whom she has often, on such a Sabbath as this, come up to the house of God; a wife and husband bend over a little grave; a venerable father gives the charge to his son that he shall be brought to lie in this nook with his forebears.

Sweet the chime from ruined belfry
Stealeth; at its peaceful call
Round the knoll whereon the preacher
Takes his stand, they gather all:
In whole families seated, o'er them
Hallowed stillness seems to fall.

There they sit, the men bareheaded
By their wives; in reverence meek
Many an eye to heaven is lifted,
Many lips, not heard to speak,
Mutely moving, on their worship
From on high a blessing seek.

Some on grey-mossed headstones seated,
Some on mounds of wild thyme balm,
Grave-browed men and tartaned matrons
Swell the mighty Celtic psalm,
On from glen to peak repeated,
Far into the mountain calm.

Then the aged pastor rose,
White with many a winter's snows
Fallen o'er his ample brows;
And his voice of pleading prayer,
Cleaving slow the still blue air,
All his people's need laid bare.

Laden with o'erflowing feeling
Then streamed on his fervid chaunt,
In the old Highland tongue appealing
To each soul's most hidden want
With the life and deep soul-healing,
He who died now lives to grant.

Slow the people round the table
Outspread, white as mountain sleet,
Gather, the blue heaven above them,
And their dead beneath their feet,

There in perfect reconcilment
Death and life immortal meet.

Noiseless round that fair white table
'Mid their fathers' tombstones spread,
Hoary-headed elders moving,
Bear the hallowed wine and bread.
While devoutly still the people
Low in prayer bow the head.

Tender hearts, their first communion,
Many a one was in that crowd;
With them in mute adoration,
Breathless Moira and Marion bowed,
While far up on yon blue summit
Paused the silver cloud.

And no sound was heard—save only
Distance-lulled the Atlantic roar,
Over the calm mountains coming
From far Machrahanish shore,
Like an audible eternity
Brooding the hushed people o'er.

Soon they go—but ere another
Day of hallowed bread and wine,
Some now here shall have ascended
To communion more divine,
Some have changed their old hill-dwellings,
Some have swept the tropic line.

There is great beauty in this picture. We must go away now from the haunts of men to realize, and to make possible to our hearts, the like of it. Our cemeteries are necessary places, but they are mere mural establishments; the service, unfeelingly hurried over by the chaplain, who performs it twenty times a day, is very different to that performed by the minister who felt the relationship of personal friendship or duty to the cold form beneath the coffin lid. Our large populations are gradually obliterating all those softening sentiments which have been among the most impressive appeals to human hearts, and the union of religion with the memories round the tomb seems to be rapidly on the way to entire dissolution. The author of *Kilmahoe* is a great master of pathos, and, perhaps, his finest poem is that called the *Ingathering*, which closes the story. It is the story of the end of Moira and Marion, the sisters of the old house and family of Kilmahoe. Some of the lines have a sharp but tender distinctness of touch; as in the following

PORTRAIT OF MOIRA.

To her none worthier seemed for being great,
Nor any less because their place was low;
True to that simple, pure heart-estimate,
Which doth not earth's rank know.

Yea! weak things of the world to her were dear,
And the world's gain was emptiness and loss,
As to a heart attuned to overhear
Low music from the cross.

To homely Sabbath worships, week by week,
Her way she took, 'neath bright or darkened skies,
And listening there with patient ear, and meek,
She grew more humbly wise.

*For her there had not needed dark heart-throes
Of agony; simplest Bible words sufficed,
And griefs that come to all, to bring her close,
And closer still to Christ.*

The earthly vessel was by nature fine,
And, early, light of God found entrance there,
And all life's wear not dimmed, but made it shine
More clear and heavenly fair.

And country people whensoe'er they spoke
Her name, by farmer's hearth or cottar's shed,
Would call her 'the gude Leddy,' and invoke
A blessing on her head.

At length, as on a garden one night's frost
Comes down, and blights the flowers in the fall,
A sudden ailment fell on her; almost
She heard the angel's call.

* * * * *

And when the end was come, and only truth
Might go with her down the death-shadowed vale,
He whom she leaned on from her dawn of youth
That dread hour did not fail.

Then in that home was sorrow, not despair:
Like goes to like, and she had gone within,
One dweller more among the many there,
Her spiritual kin;

Blending that season of first yellowing leaves,
And ripe ingathering the bright land abroad,
With thought, how safe are stored His holy sheaves
In the garner-house of God.

We have no disposition to lay down this delightful volume: its author is a master painter, and each touch of his pencil tells upon the heart of his reader. There are yet two other pieces we shall dare, notwithstanding the length of our extracts, to present to our readers; one is, in fact, the death of Claverhouse (no favourite of ours, the reader may be sure); it is called—

URRARD.

On just such an evening down long Garry stream,
Two centuries gone, fell the sun's setting gleam,
That saw from this braeside the wild battle roll,
And bear from the earth Scotland's gallantest soul.

Long poised on Craighallaig, like earns on their eyry,
They waited—Clanranald, Lochiel, and Glengarry—
Till the sun touched yon hills, and Dundee gave the word,
And himself to the van on his black charger spurred.

Down the hill-side they plunge, like swoln torrents descending,
Broom and birch 'neath their headlong tramp crashing and rending,
And casting their plaids by the fail dykes of Urrard,
Rush claymore and war-axe resistlessly forward.

See the Gael, 'mid the red ranks!—from helmet to heel,
They are cleaving them down with their merciless steel,
Till far through yon dark pass, all jagged and riven,
Roars the flight and the carnage confusedly driven.

Stay, stay, ye wild Athole men, cease your pursuing!
What boots now to drive your foes headlong to ruin?
Here stretched on yon knoll, 'gainst the red setting day,
The life that ye lived by, ebbs fleetly away.

Ah! just in the moment when victory crowned him,
Rang out from yon casement the death-shot that found him;
Yet leal to the last, faltered gallant Dundee,
'If it's well with the King, little matters for me.'

In a plaid wrap him round, bear him quickly to Blair,
Lay him down, let him rest, neath the lowly kirk there;
His wild work is over, God wills there shall shine
O'er the vext hills of Scotland a day more benign.

But whenever ye reckon the count of his guilt,
The innocent blood by his reckless sword spilt,
Remember that last word which flashed out the whole
Life-aim that o'ermastered his chivalrous soul.

And another in a very different vein—

THE LOOSING TIME.

O walcum fa's the twal' hours, and sweet the morning prime,
But sweetest hour o' the twenty-four is heartsome losing time.
When lads a' kythe and lasses blithe, their harvest day's darg done,
Come laughing hame, and daffing hame, fornent the westerin' sun.

Young Jeanie bides na supper, but buskit clean and neat,
She's owre the gleaming moorland, her lover lad to meet.
O what has warle's wealth to gi'e! like the full heart's raptured chime,
That gloamin' hour i' the bracken glen, 'yont blithsome losing time.

Then pleased the bandster sees his lum 'i the gowden sunset reek,
And his bairnies round the gavel for their daddie wait and keek,
Sae kind's they claught his haffit locks, his knees sae fondly climb,
And his wife sae clean mak's a' sae bien 'gainst walcum losing time.

The auld carle i' the sheugh, a' day forfoughten sair,
Weet and draigled, daunders hame to his kimmer and arm-chair,
Though she be frail wi' pains, and his pow like frosty rime,
Yet fain the twa auld bodies meet at easefu' losing time.

Haud up, auld hearts! the moil and toil will a' be ended sune,
Ye've had a weary warsle here, but your reward's aboon,
He'll bring, gin ye but lippen Him, a better Loosing time,
When ye'll be by wi' a' the toil o' this wark-weary clime,

This volume seems, to our poor critical ability, poetry, both in the whole manner and matter of it; it is natural, simple and strong. The wild forces and forms and scenes of nature are a grand landscape and background for the exhibition of human emotions. The author leads his reader along the cool sequestered vale of life, and does not desire to kindle the passions that startle or disturb. If, as in the strange advent of Paul Jones before the eyes of the simple folk of Kilmahoe, or the memory of "Bonnie Dundee," the wild and startling stirs the memory for a moment, yet it is only for a moment, and then the easy simple village life flows in upon the verse once more. It is a very precious thing to walk before the annual canvases of the Royal Academy; there is sure to be much that we pass by with wonder that it ever found entrance there, but then some cool refreshing picture stirs our gratitude to the painter, for a vivid power of revisiting a spot of peace, even amidst the glare and heat of London life; and thus come to us the pages of Mr. Shairp. While reading his verses, we recal some of our best days among the pleasant mountains—some of the first best impressions when Wordsworth was new to us; and the author who can use his gift of verse as he can, has within him the power of the mountain spring to refresh, and of the mountain prospect to inspire.

From the poetry of mountains and repose, to the poetry of passion and of books: we must not give the space to the *Undertones* of Mr. Buchanan we have devoted to his predecessors. It is full of myths; nature is here, but it is nature enjoyed at a distance; it is nature looked at from the library—looked at and longed for, no doubt. It is more ambitious—more ambitious alike in the subject and the rhythm. We have enjoyed the volume exceedingly—enjoyed it as we enjoy a canvas, not of Claude or of Turner, but the gorgeous colours of Rubens, or the fine classical tints and forms of Titian or Leonardo da Vinci. There is a pomp, or a tramp, in the verse of this author like the glitter of armies; or this changes to a rich cajolery of language, in which he attempts to represent, upon the life of some old Roman humourist or satirist, a phase of human life—true for to-day. We like all, listening from the centre whence the poet speaks. His rendering of Horace is very animating to us.

Horace loquitur :—

AN idle life is the life for me,—
Idleness spiced by philosophy!
I care not a fig for the cares of business,
Politics fill me with doubt and dizziness,
Pomps and triumphs are simply a bore to me,
Crude ambition will come no more to me,

I hate the vulgar popular cattle,
 And I modestly blush at the mention of battle.
 No!—Here is my humble definition
 Of a perfectly happy and virtuous condition:
 A few fat acres aroundabout,

To give one a sense of possession; a few
 Servants to pour the sweet Massic out;

Plenty to eat and nothing to do;
 A feeling of cozy and proud virility;

A few stray pence;—
 And the tiniest sense
 Of self-conserving responsibility!

For, what is Life?—or, rather ask here,
 What is that fountain of music and motion
 We call the Soul?—As I sit and bask here,
 I confess that I haven't the slightest notion.
 Yet Plato calls it eternal, telling
 How its original lofty dwelling
 Was among the stars, till, fairly repining
 At eternally turning a pivot and shining,
 Heaven it quitted
 To dwell unpitied

In a fleshly mansion of wining and whining;
 Aristotle, I don't know why,
 Believes that, born up above in the sky
 The moment that Body is born on the earth,
 'Tis married to Body that moment of birth;
 Hippo and others, whose heads were a muddle,
 Affirm 'tis compounded of water—puddle!
 Fire, not a few, with Democritus, swear;
 While others—chameleons—reduce it to Air;
 Water and fire, cries Hippocrates!
 No, water and earth, cries Xenophanes!
 Earth and fire, cries Parmenides!
 Stop! cries Empedocles,—all of these!
 Ennius follow'd Pythagoras, thinking
 The transmigration of spirits a truth;—
 A doctrine I choose to apply in sooth
 To the spirit that lies in the wine I'm drinking;
 But, what to an egotist even seems odd, he
 Swore Homer survived in his (Ennius') body.
 Speculation, muddle, trouble,

Some see obliquely, others double,
 While under their noses,
 Which smell not the roses,
 Truth placidly bursts like a spangled bubble.

Altogether, they puzzle me quite,
 They all seem wrong and they all seem right,
 And we know as much of the Soul just now
 As if none of the sages had kick'd up a row.

I, Quintus Horatius Flaccus, am learning
 From the tuneful stars in my zenith turning,
 From yonder sunshine, from earth's fat blessing,
 From the oily juice my old liver caressing,

From my bachelorhood, which is wide awake,
That the sum of good is a life of ease,
A friend or two, if the humour please,
And not a tie it would pain you to break.
Call me selfish, indolent, vain,
But I don't and won't see the virtue of pain,
Be it of body or be it of brain;
Call me grovelling, earthly, mean,
But I've a philosophy void of spleen;
I hate to be cold, and I like to be warm,
Just for his sunshine I worship Apollo,
And my soberest virtue resembles the swallow,
Flying close to the ground—to avoid the storm.
Actium finish'd my education,
For it taught me the doctrine of self-preservation.
I hate the barking of Scylla's dogs,
Round Charybdis your sailor may spin, but not I:—
In short, I am one of those excellent hogs
That grunt in the Grecian epicure's sty.
Day by day, my delight has grown wider
Since I learnt that wine is a natural good,
And the stubborn donkey called Fortitude
Has a knack of upsetting the bile of its rider.
All creeds that bore one are mere vexation;
But I firmly believe, and no man dare doubt me,
In Massia taken in moderation,
And I like to dwell where no fools can flout me—
Sans physical care,
In the sunny air,
And to sing—when I feel the fresh world about me!
(*Bibit.*)

This will give our readers a good conception of the nimbleness of Mr. Buchanan's rhythm, and, although his harp has many tones and strings, humour seems to be a very enjoyable mental aliment to him; he has a cheerful experience, and a congratulatory pat on the back for the bold and magnanimous faith of Mr. Huxley, and that fine band of modern philosophers who quarter the gorilla on their family escutcheons, and travel far back, in the flights of their magnificent heraldry, to times far beyond those

"When wild in woods the noble savage ran."

He calls this pleasant poem

METEMPSYCHOSIS.

I

*I distinctly remember (and who dares doubt me?)
Having been (now, I care not who believes!)
An ape with a forest around about me—
Prodigious trees and enormous leaves,
Great bulks of flowers, gigantic grasses,
Boughs that bent not to any gale:*

And thence, I date my contempt for Asses,
And my deep respect for the Devil's Tail!

2

*I shall never forget the exquisite feeling
Of elevation, sans thought, sans care,
When I twisted my tail round the wood's bough-ceiling,
And swung, meditatively, in the air.—
There's an advantage!—Fairer shapes can
Aspire, yearn upward, tremble and glow,
But, by means of their posteriority, apes can
Look down on aspirants that walk below!*

3

*There was a life for a calm philosopher,
Self-supplied with jacket, and trousers, and socks,
Nothing to learn, no hopes to get cross over,
A head that resisted the hardest knocks,
Liquor and meat in serene fruition,
A random income from taxes free,
No cares at all, and but one ambition—
To swing by the Tail to the bough of a tree!*

4

*Whence I firmly believe, to the consternation
Of puppies who think monkeyosophy sin,
In gradual human degeneration
And a general apely origin.
Why, the simple truth's in a nutshell or thimble,
Though it rouses the monkey in ignorant elves;
And the Devil's Tail is a delicate symbol
Of apehood predominant still in ourselves.*

5

*Pure class government, family glory,
Were the delights of that happy lot;
My politics were serenely Tory,
And I claim'd old descent from God knows what:
Whence I boast extraction loftier, nobler,
Than the beggarly Poets one often meets,
A boast I am happy to share with the cobbler
Who whisked his Tail out—to whip John Keats.*

6

*There was a life, I assever! With reasons
That lead me to scorn every star-gazing Ass;
And because I loved it, at certain seasons
'Tis a pleasure to gaze in the looking-glass.
When the bright sun beckons the spring, green-deckt, up,
The Ape swells within me: whenever I see
Mortals look skyward, walking erect up,
I long for a Tail and a large strong Tree!*

A very different tone, indeed, is uttered in the first poem in the volume, *To David in Heaven*, and in the last, *To Mary on Earth*; the last, we doubt not, it gratifies a nature like that of the author to publish. It is a warm gush of passionate affectionateness, which we almost wonder did not reserve itself to

expression on paper alone. The first poem, *To David in Heaven*, is a hurry of versification; we quote a few verses:—

Lo! the slow moon foaming
Thro' fleecy mists of gloaming,
Furrowing with pearly front the jewel-powder'd sky!
Lo, the bridge moss-laden,
Arch'd like foot of maiden,
And on the bridge, in silence, looking upward, you and I!
Lo, the pleasant season
Of reaping and of mowing—
The foam-fringed moon above,—beneath, the river duskily flowing!
Violet-colour'd shadows,
Blown from scented meadows,
Float o'er us to the pine-wood dark from yonder blue corn-ridge;
The little river gushes
Thro' shady sedge and rushes,
And gray gnats murmur o'er the pools, beneath the mossy bridge;—
And you and I stand darkly,
O'er the keystone leaning,
And watch the pale mesmeric moon, in the time of gleaners and gleanings.
Do I dream, I wonder?
As, sitting sadly under
A lonely roof in London, thro' the grim square pane I gaze?
Here of thee I ponder,
In a dream, and yonder
The pale streets seem to stir and breathe beneath the white moon's rays.
By the vision cherish'd,
By the dark hope bravéd,
Do I but dream a hopeless dream, in the city that slew you, David?
Is it fancy also,
That the light which falls so
Faintly upon the stony street below me as I write,
Near tall mountains passes
Thro' churchyard weeds and grasses,
Barely a mower's mile away from that small bridge, to-night?
And, where you are lying,—
Grass and flowers above you—
Is mingled with your sleeping face, as calm as the hearts that love you?
• • • • •
Must it last for ever,
The passionate endeavour,
Ay, have you, there in heaven, hearts to throb and still aspire?
In the life you know now,
Render'd white as snow now,
Do fresher glory-heights arise, and beckon higher—higher?
Are you dreaming, dreaming,
Is your soul still roaming,
Still gazing upward as we gazed, of old in the autumn gloaming?
Lo, the book I hold here,
In the city cold here!
I hold it with a gentle hand and love it as I may;
Lo, the weary moments!
Lo, the icy comments!

And lo, pale Fortune's knife of gold swift-lifted up to slay !

Has the strife no ending ?

Has the song no meaning ?

Linger I, idle as of old, while men are reaping or gleaning ?

Upward my face I turn to you,

I long for you, I yearn to you,

The pallid moonlight trances me to utterance wild and weak ;

It is not that I mourn you,

To mourn you were to scorn you,

For you are one step nearer to the beauty singers seek.

But I want, and cannot see you,

I seek and cannot find you,

And, see ! I touch the book of songs you tenderly left behind you !

Ay me ! I bend above it,

With tearful eyes, and love it,

With gentle hand I touch the leaves, but cannot find you there !

Mine eyes are haunted only

By that gloaming sweetly lonely,

The shadows on the mossy bridge, the glamour in the air !

I touch the leaves, and only

See the glory they retain not—

The moon that is a lamp to Hope, who glorifies what we gain not !

The aching and the yearning,

The hollow undiscerning,

Uplinking want I still retain, darken the leaves I touch—

Pale promise, with sad sweetness

Solemnizing incompleteness,

But ah, you knew so little then—and now you know so much !

By the vision cherish'd

By the dark hope bravéd,

Have you, in heaven, shamed the song, by a loftier music, David ?

Lo, my Book !—I hold it

In weary hands, and fold it

Unto my heart, if only as a token I aspire ;

And, by song's assistance,

Unto your dim distance,

My soul uplifted is on wings, and beckon'd higher, nigher.

By the higher wisdom

You return unspeaking,

Though endless, hopeless, be the search, we exalt our souls in seeking.

But ah, that pale moon foaming

Thro' fleecy mists of gloaming,

Farrowing with pearly front the jewel-powder'd sky,

And ah, the days departed

With your friendship gentle-hearted,

And ah, the dream we dreamt that night, together, you and I !

Is it fashion'd wisely,

To help us or to blind us,

That at each height we gain we turn, and behold a heaven behind us ?

There are accents we catch in this first poem which even make it finer than any other in the volume to us ; it is affecting,

indeed, to contrast this volume of *Undertones* with *Kilmahoe*—a rich summer even—a sunset among mountains and valleys, with reapers standing in the thick golden sheaves of corn—a vessel on a sea, storm-lit, heaving against a tempest breaking along-shore, where palaces are filled with festal lights—images like these do really, not with too much exaggeration, represent the spirit and the verses of these two men. Mr. Buchanan has a nature which he will feel it to be a work of might to interpret and to subdue; it is a many-toned nature. He intimates, in his volume, his own trials—that life has not been tender to him. Life never is tender to such natures. Ever questioning, ever reasoning, ever dramatising; in the forms of old myths and far-off epics reading the characters of to-day, and answering the madness within by interpretative verses, appropriated to some old Grecian god or Latin infidel. We can quite believe, too, how indignantly impatient he will be of any effort to advise. Evidently a self-learning, self-leaning man, with strength capable of doing, however, and weakness capable of learning much yet. His volume is full of promise: we shall hear from him again. It is true all men are turning writers, and the whole world is becoming incarnate mind; but, perhaps, for some years to come, masters of verse and of prose may be needed; they will help in the coming dark strife of life—the night which is setting in over society—and Mr. Buchanan may utter in coherent and strong melody, in epic or drama, if he is young—and we suppose he is—words far clearer and higher than even these *Undertones*.

A portion of Mr. Woolner's poem, *My Beautiful Lady*, has long been a favourite with us. In a collection of poems stands one anonymous piece, "My Lady in Death." The cadences of some of Mr. Woolner's verses struck us as remembered strains; we turned to our volume in which stand these, said to have been found in an old magazine, and so Mr. Woolner's poem—a portion of his poem—therefore, has been prepared for many years. There is no part of the volume more touching; the verses have an old-world quaintness—very full of feeling.

Grass thickens proudly o'er that breast,
 Clay-cold and sadly still,
 My happy face felt thrill.
 How much her dear, dear mouth expressed!
 And now are closed and set
 Lips which my own have met!
 Her eyelids by the damp earth pressed!
 Damp earth weighs on her eyes;
 Damp earth shuts out the skies.
 My Lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

To see her high perfection sweep
 The favoured earth, as she
 With welcoming palms met me !
 How can I but recall and weep ?
 Her hands' light charm was such,
 Care vanished at their touch.
 Her feet spared little things that creep ;
 " For stars are not," she'd say,
 " More wonderful than they."
 And now she sleeps her heavy, heavy sleep.

Immortal hope shone on that brow,
 Above whose waning forms
 Go softly real worms.
 It surely was a cruel blow
 Which cut my Darling's life
 Sharply, as with a knife ;
 I hate my own that lets me grow
 As grows a bitter root
 From which rank poisons shoot,
 Upon the grave where she is lying low,

Almighty King ! Could it be just,
 To let her young life play
 Its easy, natural way ;
 Then, with an unexpected thrust,
 Strike out the life you lent,
 Even as her feelings blent
 With those around whose love would trust
 Her willing power to bless,
 For all their happiness ?
 Alone she moulders into common dust.

• • • • •
 Her gaze, grown large with fate, was cast
 Where my mute agonies
 Made sadder her sad eyes :
 Her breath caught with short plucks and fast,
 Then one hot choking strain ;
 She never breathed again.
 I had the look which was her last :
 Even after breath was gone,
 Her love one moment shone,
 Then slowly closed, and hope for ever passed.

A dreadful tremour ran through space
 When first the mournful toll
 Rang for My Lady's soul.
 Vitality was hell ; her grace
 Only the flattering gleam
 And mockery of a dream :
 Oblivion struck me like a mace,
 And as a tree that's hewn
 I dropped, in a dead swoon,
 And lay a long time cold upon my face.

Earth had one quarter turned before
 My miserable fate
 Pressed down with its whole weight.
 My sense came back; and shivering o'er
 I felt a pain to bear
 The sun's keen cruel glare,
 Which shone not warm as heretofore;
 And never more its rays
 Will satisfy my gaze;
 No more; no more; oh, never any more.

Mr. Woolner has, whether, like Mr. Tennyson, he puts a real *in memoriam* into verse, or whether he only allows fancy to wander its own way along the possibilities of experience, chosen a topic which will find such a response in a general experience as may surely give a ready currency to his poem. Mr. Coventry Patmore is the laureate of bridals and orange-blossoms: Mr. Woolner goes not to the house of bridal feasting but of mourning. There will be, with many readers, a disposition, perhaps, to regard the long-protracted mourning as an exaggeration of sentiment, but it is not so; those only who have so lost know, or can know, how love fills every moment as a niche with some memory which has its pointed relation to that time, and we almost wonder that Mr. Woolner did not give to his title-page, as the appropriate text, the well-known words—

"The idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life
 Shall come apparelled in more precious habit,
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she lived indeed."

The whole poem is a very tender amplification of those penetrating words. Widowed hearts have exclaimed a million times, and will exclaim a million times again—

Ah, Dearest! shall I never see thy face
 Again: not ever; never any more?
 I know that fancy was but naught, and one
 Born of past hope: I know thy earthly form
 Is mouldering in its tomb: but yet, O Love,
 Thy spirit must dwell somewhere in this waste
 Of worlds, that fill the overwhelming heavens
 With light and motion; that could never die!
 And wilt thou not vouchsafe one beaming look
 To ease a lonely heart that beats in pain
 For loss of thee, and only thee, O Love?
 Or hast thou found in that pure life thou livest
 My soul was an unworthy choice for thine,
 And therefore takest no count of its despair?
 And yet, yea verily, thy love was true;

I would not wrong thee with another thought :
 I would not enter at the gates of heaven
 By thinking else than that thy love was true.
 But I obtain no response to my cries,
 Making within my soul all void, and cold,
 And comfortless.

It is intense human affection ; but we wonder that the author has not heard, or availed himself, of the highest consolations. *My Lady's Voice from Heaven* is very weak and ineffective ; the chief consolation lies in duty, that is, in action ; but, surely, there is a sweeter hope than this over a tomb. He says, in the *Introduction*—

Whence springs this well of sadness so profound,
 Unfathomable to plummet cast by man ?
 Alas ; for who can tell ! Whence comes the wind
 Heaving the ocean into maddened arms
 That clutch and dash huge vessels on the rocks,
 And scatter them, as if compacted slight
 As little eggs boys star against a tree
 In wanton mischief ? Whence, detestable
 To man, who suffers from the monster-jaws,
 The power that in the logging crocodiles'
 Outrageous bulk puts evil fire of life ?
 That spouts from mountain-pyramids a flood
 Of lava, overwhelming works and men
 In burning, fetid ruin ?—The power that stings
 A city with a pestilence :—or turns
 The pretty babe, who in his mother's lap
 Babbles her back the lavished kiss and laugh,
 Through lusts and vassalage to obdurate sin,
 Into a knife-armed, midnight murderer ?

Our lives are mysteries ; and rarely scanned
 As we read stories writ by mortal pen.
 We can perchance but catch a straying weft
 And trace the hinted texture here or there,
 Of that stupendous loom weaving our fates.
 Two parents, late in life, are haply blessed
 With one bright child, a wonder in his years,
 For loveliness and genius versatile :
 Some common ill destroys him ; parents, both,
 Until their death, are left but living tombs
 That hold the one dead image of their joy.
 A man, the flower of honour, who has found
 His well-beloved young daughter fled from home,
 Fallen from her maidenhood—a nameless thing
 Tainting his blood. A youth who throws the strength
 Of his whole being into love for one
 Answering him honeyed smiles ; who leaves his land
 For some far country, seeking wealth he hopes
 Will grace her daintily with choice delights,
 And on returning sees the honeyed smiles
 Are sweetening other lips. A husband who ;

Has found that household curse—a faithless wife.
 A thinker whose long-piercing care perceives
 His nation goes the road that ends in shame.
 A gracious woman whose reserve denies
 The power to utter what consumes her heart.
 Such instances (and some a loss to know,
 Which stedfast reticence will shield from those,
 Debased or garrulous, whose hearts corrupt,
 But learn the gloomy secrets of their kind
 To poison-tip their wit, or grope and grin
 With pharisaic laughter at disgrace)—
 Such instances as these demand no guide
 To thrid the dismal issues from their source!
 But others are there, lying fast concealed,
 Dark, hopeless, and unutterably sad,
 Which have not been, and never may be known.

Then we may well call happy one whose grief,
 Mixed up with sacred memories of the past
 Can tell to others how the tempest rose,
 That struck and left him lonely in the world;
 And who, narrating, feels his sorrow soothed,
 By that respectful love which sorrow claims.

All this is true; but where there was so keen and sharp a sorrow over death, and so clear an entrance into the mystery and misery of human life, we do wonder that the New Testament had nothing to say, either of the origin or the end of death; and that the author is really left in the same sad plight as Poe with his black raven, on the bust of Pallas, croaking—

"Never more!"

And, still, entirely differing from any of the volumes we have yet introduced to our readers, are the *Thoughts from a Girl's Life*, by Lucy Fletcher. Our impression of the volume would, no doubt, be in some measure modified did we know the age of Miss Fletcher. It is still a remarkable volume, even if its author is older than the title would seem to indicate. There is in the volume very much of the spirit and feeling of Miss Proctor; there is an aroma of freshness—a tone of reality, not of mere sentiment, alike in the verses themselves and in the preface to them; the most unfavourable sign is what we may designate as a pre-maturity, if not in the verses, certainly in the tone and character of the sentiment. If the fair author is a girl indeed, then the old head has certainly got too soon fixed on young shoulders. We quote

MY LITTLE ROOM.

I have a room I call my own,
 A chamber in my heart,

'Tis fashioned of a golden cloud,
 By wondrous skill and art—
 Most slenderly and fair it stands,
 From all the rest apart.
 I did not build its rainbow walls,
 Nor make its portals fair,
 But 'twas my hand the pictures drew
 Which deck it everywhere,
 And still I paint such every time
 I chance to loiter there.
 I have the key, to keep it locked,
 Lest guests should enter in,
 And bide there, where no guest should be,
 My little room within;
 Their shadows as they chance to pass
 Alone may entrance win.
 I live most often in the halls
 Where many people come,
 Or farther in, where with a few,
 I have a happy home,
 Yet still sometimes when work is o'er
 I seek my little room.
 'Tis built for pleasure not for work,
 'Tis lit with softest light,
 And musical, with silver harps,
 That murmur out of sight,
 And perfumed by a breeze that comes,
 O'er beds of lilies white.
 When at the window high I watch
 The world without to see,
 I think that from no other place
 Could it so radiant be,—
 And all the faces that may pass,
 Look lovingly at me.
 And all the voices that I hear,
 Of peace and gladness tell,
 As if, while speaking to their loved,
 They thought of me as well;
 And every word rings tenderly,
 Like tones of some far bell.
*I wonder little room of mine,
 If I should come again
 To loiter here, when years are flown,
 Will all this charm remain;
 And will the pictures painted now
 Their glow and light retain?*
 My pictures, changing every hour,
 Yet always bright and clear,—
 Oh, will it be in vain I seek
 Such glowing colours here,
 And shall I paint more gloomily
 For every coming year?

At least, whatever time may bring,
I'll come here while I may,
And while life's tints are all so bright
I'll paint these pictures gay,
But if they fade, my memory still
Shall keep their glow alway.

Again we quote

THOU AND WE.

We are weary. Lord, we come
Asking for Thy rest,
We would find in Thee our home,
In Thy love be blest;
Thou canst pity, Thou hast known
Langour greater than our own.
We are sad and troubled, Lord,
And we come to Thee,
Trusting in Thy faithful word,
In Thy promise free;
Thou hast sorrowing watches kept,
Comfort us, for Thou hast wept.
We are tempted, and our foe
Finds such help within,
Thou temptations once did know,
Felt the curse of sin,
By Thy conflicts with its power,
Save us in this bitter hour.
We are sinful, sinless Thou,
Shall we dare to speak?
By that love which saves us now,
Sinful, poor, and weak,
By Thy cross—we know Thy heart
In this anguish too hath part.
We draw near the gates of death,
And they open wide,
Shudderingly we hold our breath,
And would turn aside,
Thou who knowest all the strife,
By Thy death, oh give us life.
We have sin and pain and loss,
Thou hast help for all,
By Thy life and by Thy cross,
Hear us when we call.
Thou in bearing human grief
Won for ours a sure relief.

The following lines, especially, indicate that maturity we should be sorry to associate with a girl, for we could scarcely prophesy for such a mind a happy outlook into life.

DAWNING.

I HOLD it for the highest truth,
That life, though pure and sweet,

Has lost its hope of fuller growth,
 If counted once complete;
 No perfect song is chaunted here,
 No life developed to a sphere,
 Nor its great mysteries made clear.
 All hopes which triumph over doubt,
 All yearnings for the true,
 All looks into the dusk without,
 Where starlight trembles through,
 Are prophecies of breaking dawn,
 Proofs of the rising of that morn,
 The fuller day which shall be born.
 Then all life's riddles still unread,
 Its problems unexplained,
 And each entangled broken thread,
 Each purpose not attained,
 Shall be unloosed, fulfilled, made plain,
 All broken threads be knit again,
 And everlasting day shall reign.
 We shall not prize this life the less,
 Nor work with feebler will,
 Because the coming time shall bless,
 The future day fulfil;
 The dawn is wakening to day,
 Then let us work and wait alway;
 It cometh, though it seem to stay.
 So hold we life most true and sweet,
 Noble, and good, and right,
 The fairer because incomplete,
 Waiting the perfect light;
 The endless day, which yet shall be,
 The song of fullest harmony,
 The solving of life's mystery.

We only quote one piece more, but we might quote at length,
 and from pieces all bearing the same average mark of hope or
 excellence.

MY IDEAL.

I lose the hope of the ideal I saw,
 My dream of what should be,
 I strive each day, yet doth it more and more
 Grow hopeless unto me.
 The eager hands I stretch to grasp the shade,
 The phantom found so fair,
 Fall empty by my side, yet doth not fade
 Its glory in dim air.
 Each step but leaves me further from my prize,
 The while its lovely light
 Draws towards it all the yearning of my eyes,
 From out the denser night.
 I have not strength to be the whole I would,
 I am not as I dreamed,

I cannot do what once I thought I could,
Nor be what once I seemed.
If my ideal be false, show me the true,
Thy purpose, Lord, for me;
But if mine be Thine own, oh lead me through
All this to it and Thee.
If mine be Thine, Thine mine, bend Thou my will,
How far soe'er it seem
From touch or grasp, that I pursue it still,
And know it not a dream.
Howe'er impossible or out of reach,
Howe'er it fade or fly,
Do Thou, by Thine own patience with me, teach
To win by constancy.
When most the coldness of my heart I feel,
When most my hands seem weak,
Then, Father, hold Thou, for me, my ideal,
Find what I vainly seek.
By ways I know not, to the end I know,
Lead me, if such Thy will;
I would not, dare not, choose the way to go,
Be End, Way, Leader, still.
When Thou the prize, as gift, not gain, assign
To efforts feebly made,
I'll learn that higher was Thy thought than mine,
Thine substance, mine the shade.

Here we must close our notices and extracts from books which have, at any rate, furnished our readers with many delightful readings, and which they may be desirous of further knowing for themselves. We shall, in closing, express our thanks to the several authors: to read, and to quote and comment upon such volumes has only been pleasure; there is hope and power in each volume. They have all given us too much pleasure to read, to have been other than a fountain of pleasure to the authors to write.

V.

THE MONKS OF CLAYDON.*

POOR England, like a sick consumptive maiden, has a good many apothecaries and quacks prescribing for her just now. What with Plymouth Brethren, and Millenarians, and Mormonites, Puseyites, and other *arians* and *ites*, she is troubled with recipes and prescriptions enough to be the death of her; but among prescriptions for her salvation, the queerest, we incline to think the most unpalatable, is that of Brother Ignatius—a general return to monasteries. Mr. Walker, the author of the little volume before us, thinks better of it, and, in the fulness of his faith, he has first spent three months with the brothers at Claydon, and he now gives to us the result of his experience in a very earnestly written book, embodying his account of the place, both its and his experiences, and some very fervent implorations to all his readers to think well of so desirable a method of promoting sentimental laziness and a false system of extravagant pietism. We shall not deny to his volume a certain degree of interest; of course, had Mr. Walker possessed any great amount of reality, genius, or intensity of piety, he would have made a much more interesting book. Let any man shut himself up in an empty house, or consign himself, with a few persons, to a life of silence, meditation, and mental watchfulness, and it must simply be because he has no power to perceive and feel the interest of mental and spiritual things if he do not write a very interesting book. Interesting, in any high sense of the word, this is not, and there is principally produced upon the mind a sense of pity for the little narrow views of life, man and nature, we will add, also of God. The volume abounds in scoffing at all sorts of dissent, the Baptist meeting-house of Claydon, “a kind of Mecca to surrounding dissent,” falling in especially for pretty severe handling. Some chapel in Brighton—we rather suspect which—“of a dissenting denomination, built in Mr. Compo’s approved style, which might “pass very well for an engine shed,” excites Mr. Walker’s ire and indignation. But surely such an earnest restorer of the ancient usages of the church, one so much in love with St. Bernard, ought to remember that, probably, the “dissenting engine shed” is a much finer building than that founded by the seraphic Bernard in the woods and valleys of Clairvaux. These men

* *Three Months in an English Monastery: a Personal Narrative.* By Charles Walker. Murray & Co.

jumble things strangely together ; the finery and the nonsense of Romanism can scarcely trace itself up beyond the period of the Renaissance, when the Church of Rome became really pagan heathen, which it has continued, for the most part, to this day. It strikes us that if some of the great and most beloved doctors and fathers of the church, whose names are always on the lips of these insane inanities, were to find themselves in some of our modern towns, the "dissenting engine shed" would be the most likely to attract their attention and commend itself to their affections. Mr. Walker's is an impudent volume, but it is very illustrative of the designs of these mad monks. It seems some of "*the chief difficulties the brothers have encountered in their work is the extraordinary habit of dogmatizing which the English poor have acquired through the pernicious influence of so-called Bible Christianity!*" This is plain speech, and we like it ; it translates the intention plainly : *up with the monastery and down with the Bible!* and a pretty way the author and his collaborateurs have of making and interpreting the Bible. It seems some persons have objected that the words monastery, monk and nun are not found in the Bible ; we certainly should not think of building upon this objection ourselves ; but the reply of Mr. Walker is characteristic ; he says—"Neither do you find the words Trinity or Incarnation!" No ; but monkery is especially denounced in the *New Testament*, while we are told of "the three that bear record in heaven," and of "God manifest in the flesh." "*Another failing of the English poor,*" says Mr. Walker, "*is sermonolatry ;*" and, in fact, every means of religious instruction which has tended to elevate the character and to increase the religious knowledge of the poor, meets with abundance of scoffing in these pages. The book is a harsh, disagreeable, uncharitable affair ; and this has produced upon our mind an impression as unfavourable to the design of these men as the appearance of Brother Ignatius himself when we had the opportunity of hearing him lecture ; for, indeed, the fact of a man's separating himself apart to the life of a monk stirs within our own mind neither indignation nor amusement in itself—the Apostle speaks of "eunuchs for Christ's sake." That a man should prefer a life of solitude and self-denial, and usefulness and freedom, for the visitation of the sick and the poor—that he should gather round him a cluster of friends in a mutuality of thought and feeling, does not seem to be ludicrous ; but there may come a moment, or the persons may present themselves in such an aspect that assumption may move us to severest stricture. "Give that young monk standing room," writes some one about the lad who calls himself Brother

Ignatius, "and he will shake English Protestantism to its centre." Then we proceed to inquire into the character of the man and his designs. We find spread through the volume before us, flippant and insulting remarks upon every variety of religious sentiment and opinion, however earnest it may be, within the Establishment and without; we say this is not the mark of an earnest man; earnestness respects earnestness; and piety is able to love piety, although in a different garb from its own, and worshipping in varying phenomena. Then we find as much faith, certainly, in the monk's garb as in the monastic institution; the sandals, the cowl, and the gown—there is the sign that we always associate with quackery—the desire to attract attention and to become notorious. Does good work cease to be good work when not done in a black scapular? The men these men imitate, who lived at so remote a distance from them in time, made no great innovation in their dress; they spread out from the lauras of the east; they became an European institution; as they separated into sects, some assumed the white, some the black, some the brown colour; some the cord, some the cross,—they did not make themselves ugly guys, and, in order that they might take up their cross, trot to and fro, the very asses of society. Ignatius and his brethren at Claydon have given visible proof that they are not in earnest, by attention to these trifles. A very different story theirs seems to be to the mission of Faber and Newman, with their oratorians; and if these words of ours should fall in the way of Ignatius, or any of his little flock, we commend to them the example of what oratorianism has done in their own department, penetrating among the poorest and lowest of the poor, for whom it seems really to have felt; it has not condescended to occupy its time in abusing dissent or dissenters, and squabbling with low church, and sneering at things in general. It is a safe rule to lay down, that a man who believes, and who represents himself as in earnest about it, will not be a sneerer, for the simple reason that strong faith draws up all things into its own white light; it sometimes smilingly indulges in some humorous touch, then goes on its way, and delightedly holds up its faith. How this characterises the writing and the acts of Faber! But this Ignatius, and this Mr. Charles Walker, who is, we suppose, engaged to write him up, really strike us as among the most impudent lads we have met with for a long time; and what a strange idea this is—here is a nation, certainly, it seems to us, in the very death spasm of unbelief, utterly given over, lost and abandoned to infidelity, a universal night-shade of scepticism meeting us everywhere; in these books, on that account, there is

not the slightest ground for regret; the pain of it does not interpose itself, amidst its sarcasms and scoffings, once; here, again, we say, is a nation in which, side by side with its mountains of gold, lies down to die, the most sad, sickly, unsightly and despairing squalor. In this book there is not the indication of the slightest shade of sympathy with these lost conditions; but, for the especial good of the nation and of souls, a company of men take to wearing black petticoats, and start off to a remote, out-of-the-way, Suffolk village, where they may have the opportunity of leading uncomfortable and disagreeable lives without doing good to any mortal on the face of the earth. This is salvation for the nation! In order that this may be done more perfectly, Mr. Ignatius travels the country over, begging for money to enable him to put up his abbey. The whole thing is an outrage upon all common sense. "Who are we," says Mr. Walker, speaking of the monastic system, "dull, plodding, unspiritual beings, that we should dare to sit in judgment on a system so ancient and universal?" Very good, yet ages alter, and we have a troublesome disposition, now-a-days, to ask, what is the use? We know how that question may sometimes be abused; and even are quite disposed to see uses in many things where thoughtless eyes are not able to find them; but charity permits us to find no such apology for our petticoated enthusiasts. We are not disposed to follow Mr. Walker through the outlines he gives to us of his monastic life—the details of corridors and refectories; the yellow washed ceilings; the inventory of the cells; washhand stands, beds, chairs, &c., the crucifix and the *silentium*; the routine of the daily services, and the account he gives of the shock of surprise when, four hours after his first *compline*, he was awakened by a sudden flash of light from an enormous wax candle, borne in by one of the brothers who came to rouse him to *nocturnes*, saying "*Benedicamus Domino*," to which the response is expected from the brother starting up "*Deo gratias*." Tastes differ; good men have risen, in many ages, in the night, to give glory to God, and we shall not imitate Mr. Walker in mocking at any peculiarities of prayer. We shall not follow him through his description of all the household occupations, and how they take it in turns to be cook and cellararius; and how they make their beds, which they are expected to do neatly; and fill their jugs; and sweep out dormitory, cloisters, and refectory. We shall not follow him through his distinctions of *hours*, *meditations*, *nones* and *vespers*. All this may be very good and necessary, but did these fellows ever hear of the old monkish motto; "*Laborare est orare*?" Ah! it is a different thing to read Mr.

Walker's account of the doings at Claydon, and to read the story of the rise and spread of those magnificent people, the Benedictines; with them, retiring into a monastery was not the living in a huge empty house, following an useless life—life meant labour. Mr. Walker tells us how the Monks of Claydon read in their refectory. We propose that they read together Thomas Carlyle's *Past and Present*; it contains a great deal about monks; monks, too, of that very order to which our friends say they belong; but what a difference? They will find in the book very little reprobation of monkery, but tremendous scourging of laziness. Laying down Mr. Walker's volume, the whole thing strikes us as very deplorable child's play, playing at monks; full grown, able bodied men shutting themselves up, immuring themselves from all the useful, hallowing occupations of industry and beautiful piety. We know lips that said once—"I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world,"—and holiness, to our thinking, can only be considered as real holiness when it moves among men, amidst their labours and temptations, through their life of trial and of fears. We have said, we indulge in no mocking; the thing is too sad for mockery. There are many pages over which we could only really set up the loudest laugh; but the laugh would have bitterness in it. What, for instance, would our readers suppose is the grand catholicon of Mr. Walker's little crew for all our errors and heresies? Affectingly he speaks of chasubles, and incense, and confession, and real presence, and apostolical succession—these are the things which are to save England; and, according to Mr. Walker, dissent, Scripture-readers and Bible-women are its snares to destruction. By way of scoffing at Methodist hymns, he has to inform us, and he never made a greater mistake than in the piece of information he gives, that the well-known tune to—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending,"

was originally made to be danced to as a hornpipe. But we are heartily tired of Mr. Walker and his book, and nauseated with his nonsense; we are often reminded of the degeneration and the deterioration of human things in our age; but, certainly, Mr. Walker reminds us that, however it may be with other cattle, the animal called a monk has wonderfully deteriorated and degenerated in its breed; and as an appropriate diminutive, we should prefer to speak of his order as the Monkeys of Claydon.

VI.

DARBYISM AND LAY-PREACHING IN IRELAND.

THERE is something very peculiar in the aspect of the Irish Protestant world which contrasts very strongly, by its politico-evangelism and its lower spiritual tone, with the evangelical Protestantism of other countries. The history of its Established Church throws some light upon the subject; for that institution has never been confronted—greatly to its disadvantage—in the south and west, by a vigorous Christian Dissent, or felt, to any degree, the stimulus of opposing zeal. It has no sad and hallowed traditions of persecution. It has never groaned under the iron wheel of an alien despotism; nor been, to any extent, overgrown with the rank weeds of heresy; but it has been literally weighed down under a load of hypocrisy and formality in its own bosom, which paralysed every muscle of holy enterprise, and left it weak and powerless to cope with the vigorous superstitions of Rome. A vast improvement, however, has taken place in the last thirty years. The “cassocked huntsman and the fiddling priest” have gone out of date; the political parson is fast following after them; and the deep cloud of moral and spiritual death, which brooded over the country, has begun to break up. Yet it will be no exaggeration to say, particularly of the rural districts and country towns of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught, that an attenuated and shrivelled form of Christianity still continues to be one of the decencies of society, and that the Protestant people, with reasonable exceptions, are characterized by a stagnant vacancy of mind, and a strongly marked indifference to religion, which contrast forcibly with that intelligent acquaintance with the Scriptures, that turn for religious speculation, that interest in Christian projects, and that devotional habit, which mark the character of the Scottish, Welsh, and Ulster peasantries. These observations do not apply, however, to the Protestantism of the principal towns, which stands out in strikingly bold relief from the moral inertness of the rural mass around it—mainly because of its contact with new ideas, and the presence of an aggressive Nonconformity. The country pulpit contents itself in great measure with the repetition of dead, fossilized doctrine, or with the commonplaces of a tame and inefficient morality which never made any one more moral, or with mischievous theories of sacramental efficacy. The town pulpit, on the other hand, is strong in all the elements of apostolic power; the preachers standing far aloof from the Ritualism and Rationalism of the English

pulpit, declaring nothing but the three grand facts of Ruin, Regeneration, and Redemption, their sermons remarkable for their penetrating, convictive, and spiritual character. This Irish Episcopal pulpit revives in the hands of the Butlers, Plunkets, Magees, Griffins, Fleurys, and Greggs, the memory of the Venns, Fletchers, Berridges, and Romaines of other days.

It is not any subject of surprise, then, considering the general condition of the Protestant population, that there should be a movement on foot—even on the part of Christian laymen themselves, mostly members of the Established Church—to break up this religious apathy by a more earnest evangelism, and thus supplement or supersede, as the case might be, the efforts of the ordained clergy. And it is not at all to be wondered at that earnest and pious men, profoundly dissatisfied with existing religious arrangements, should break away from old usages and conventional restraints, and constitute themselves into an army of evangelistic invasion, to carry the knowledge of Christ, without charge, through the length and breadth of the southern half of Ireland. Neither is it much matter for surprise that these worthy men, who are mostly young in years and recently converted to the truth, should imagine, in their anxiety to accelerate the progress of moral and religious renovation, that they had hit upon some new modes of explicating theological truths, and had discovered some nearer or straighter way to peace than the Evangelical Churches. Great allowances are undoubtedly to be made for the defects of their early training; and if errors occur in their public teachings, we are not to forget that it is in revived times mistakes commonly occur, for a sleeping community does not think enough about religion to err about it. The dark ages invented no heresies. Now it is just because we believe, with Bickersteth, that “Satan is always striving to join serious errors with revived truth,” and because we desire to see good done—even in spite of conventional irregularities involved in the movement—that we wish to call attention to the serious doctrinal errors of these lay-evangelists, who do not seem to know much of the profit and pleasure of contemplating religious truth in its logical relations, forgetting that it is possible to err by too great simplicity, while they imagine that they possess a fuller Gospel and deeper truth than their neighbours. We are the more anxious on this subject because we discover Darbyite influences at work in every department of their theology; and, just as Unitarians can afford to be indifferent to their own denominational insignificance, when they see the triumph of their principles in the Germanized thought of

the English Church, so the Darbyite party can afford to be less than nothing, if they can only indoctrinate the rising intelligence and piety of Irish Protestantism with their peculiar opinions. It is our earnest belief, that no religion can be of a robust and healthy nature that is not established on a thoroughly sound and well-understood basis of doctrine; that Christian life will not thrive on vagaries of fancy, crudities of thought, and heterogeneous mixtures of truth, and that it is a marked dishonour to Christ to broach such unscriptural speculations, whether they have their origin in false notions of kindness or in false zeal. This new school—if we may call it so—has a literature of its own, and is inexhaustible in its publication of tracts, pamphlets, and volumes; so that it would be unwise in the last degree to despise or underrate its influence. But, in turning attention to its errors, let us not be understood as wanting in that deep, reverent and sympathising interest in revival labours which any considerable agitation of the popular mind, from a religious cause, must inspire.

It is not difficult to account for the popularity of these lay preachers in the towns and rural districts of the south and west of Ireland. There is, of course, a taste everywhere for novelties and oddities—for something, in a word, out of the common course; but this, in itself, will not account for the interest of these revival services. The speakers are mostly young gentlemen, between twenty and thirty-five years of age, dressed in the easy fashion of the period, and many of them wearing beard and moustache. But a few years before, perhaps not twelve months before, they had been thinking of nothing but dogs and horses, attending county balls, regattas and the "meet," and they thought there was nothing in life to be compared to a race across country, a handy rifle, and a cigar. They are now, indeed, very differently employed. The fact, moreover, that they are mostly in easy, if not affluent, circumstances, enhances the interest of their addresses; they are landed proprietors, land agents, magistrates, sheriffs, barristers, attorneys, artillery officers, clerks in government offices, and manufacturers. Perhaps there is an absence of that sense of responsibility which weighs upon conscientious preachers—an easy, light, *déagé* manner—as if the work were to be done in an exceedingly natural and gentlemanlike way. They do not preach; they generally talk in a quiet, familiar, chatty way, as if they were resolved to make themselves thoroughly understood. Perhaps there is sometimes a flippant way of handling religious topics, and an evident desire to say striking things; and as the same address is given in every town and village from Dublin to Cork,

there is a pleasant and impressive fluency which always interests the hearers. Weariness, in such meetings, is out of the question. Sometimes two speakers attend; the prayers are short and direct; the addresses brief and pithy—one to saints and another to sinners—and anecdotes, morsels of intelligence, and requests for prayer, combine to make the assemblies inviting. On the whole, there is a freshness, simplicity, and fervour in their addresses, which have been eminently successful. Their two favourite texts are, "He that believeth in me hath everlasting life," "Ye are complete in Him;" and their usual appeal to sinners is in these words, "Believe what God has said about Jesus, and that is all you have to do." They have somewhat of the slang of Broad-Churchism about "higher truth" and a "fuller Gospel," for they pride themselves on their high spirituality and a profound acquaintance with Scripture. The attorneys and barristers are the most crotchety, and the military men the most sensible, sound and moderate. They despise commentaries, and look down with a lofty scorn upon the great theologians of the past. As might be supposed, in people so mutinous against the wisdom of the ancients, there is an evident forwardness to teach, an extreme unwillingness to submit to guidance or restraint. Alas, that it should be so! Remonstrance is opposition to the Lord's work; objectors are given over to a polite, supercilious pity, and strenuous opponents are threatened to be prayed for. Many of these laymen have withdrawn entirely from the membership of the evangelical churches; some have become Darbyites; others have been rebaptized, in accordance with Baptist ideas; and nearly all are Millenarians.

In proceeding now to point out the doctrinal errors of these earnest and amiable men—which, let us say in a word, savour very strongly of Sandemanianism and Antinomianism—let us state, in all fairness, that some of them, more advanced in years and experience, are thoroughly sound upon all the leading doctrines of the evangelical system, and that our observations are not to be understood as applying, in any degree, directly or indirectly to them. The work of criticism becomes all the more easy when we find our own actual experience confirmed by the exceedingly able *brochures* of Mr. Trench* and others, who have written with such kindness and appreciation of the movement, while they have not spared its errors and extravagances.

* *Extreme Views* (on religious doctrines): *their Possible Causes, Probable Consequences, and best Correctives*. By the Rev. F. F. Trench, Rector of Newtown (near Kells), Co. Meath.

Remarks on Unguarded Expressions used by Preachers. By an Elder and Fellow-labourer.

The first thing that one will remark in nine out of ten addresses will be that, while the Apostles, the reformers, the Puritans, and the eighteenth-century revivalists, preached repentance and faith, these men preach faith alone. There must, surely, be something radically defective in a system which rejects that "repentance from dead works," which Paul represents as one of the foundation-stones underlying the structure of Christian theology. We have heard men say, "that sinners need not repent—that they only need to come to Jesus—that repentance hinders the sinner from coming—that it is wrong to repent before coming—and that sinners need not care about their sins." A Christian minister states, that he has heard it gravely maintained by some that "persons can have pardon and peace without having any desire or purpose to forsake sin;" and that, to such fearful lengths is the doctrine carried, that if a man could say—"I am living in actual sin which it is my present intention to continue in; will it be possible for me to obtain pardon?"—these new light theologists avow that they would reply in the affirmative. As Mr. Trench has very forcibly remarked, the prodigal son, according to this theory, would have been far more welcome to his father's home if he had come with all his harlots and his cups. Is it necessary to argue with these people, that it is nowhere said in Scripture—"You need not repent before coming to Jesus;" that the uniform tenor of Scripture appeal is, "Repent and believe the Gospel," "Except ye repent, ye shall all perish;" that repentance, so far from being a bar between the sinner and the Saviour, as they absurdly represent it, is the actual way of a sinner coming to Christ—the tear-drop glistening in the eye of a believer at the moment of his conversion; and that nearly all the scriptural examples of salvation are those of men "pricked to the heart," "coming trembling," "weeping bitterly," "coming to themselves," and that there is not a single instance in Scripture of a Paul, a Magdalene, a thief, or a jailor, saying—"I will not give up one of my sins till I am pardoned?"

The great idea of these teachers is, that a sense of sin is not necessary in conversion. This is one of the favourite notions of the Darbyites or Plymouth Brethren, who talk of the absurdity of showing a sinner his need of a Saviour by the absurdity of inducing a boy to believe that cherries are good for eating. Show the cherries to the boy, and he will care nothing for your argument: show the sinner the Gospel, and he will care nothing for your reasonings about the law and sin. Why, then, do not all sinners receive the Gospel, as all healthy boys will snap at the cherries? These men utterly ignore the enmity of the

carnal heart, and the deadness of man's spiritual nature; for the true analogy lies between a sick boy and medicine. An intelligent gentleman once said to a friend of the writer, that "he never had a thought of his sins before he was converted." It may have been so; but the Christian consciousness of the whole religious world is against such an idea. Well may we say, in the words of Hart:—

"Oh, beware of trust ill-grounded,
'Tis but fancied faith at most,
To be cured before you're wounded,
To be saved before you're lost."

But these teachers deny that they exclude repentance from their system—they place it, they say, where it ought to be placed, after conversion, as an integral part of Christian experience. We reply, that they never *preach* repentance to either saint or sinner, and that they put a false interpretation upon the word which amounts to a virtual denial of this grace at every stage of the Christian life. It is a mere change of mind (without any admixture of a sorrowing element) not about sin but about God, who is no more an avenging Judge, but a gracious Father; as if Paul had never written those pregnant words to show how inseparable is sorrow from repentance—"I rejoice, not that ye were made sorry, but that ye sorrowed to repentance; for godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation, not to be repented of." Thus it has come to pass that some good men are no longer willing to confess sin at prayer-meetings; as if John had never said—"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Can that theology be sound which permits such a painful phenomenon?

Another serious error respects faith itself. While some of these lay-teachers are thoroughly evangelical, the great majority seem to hold the Sandemanian idea that faith is a mere historical assent, and that faith and assurance are one and the same thing. The common style of address is this, which we have heard over and over again:—"Only believe—believe what God says about Jesus—believe it just because God has said it, and you are saved, and saved for ever." Surely, there are hundreds and thousands who believe this as firmly as the preachers themselves, and yet are not saved. They confound a mere assent of the understanding with actual trust in the person and work of Christ; and they lead their hearers to imagine that it is the easiest possible thing to believe, for they are totally silent upon the carnal enmity of the heart, and they speak so seldom—if at all—of faith as the gift of God, that one would imagine the whole thing was a mere human work of something like

Pelagian facility of accomplishment. How different the Puritan idea—knowledge, assent, affiance—the three components of saving faith! But they confound faith with assurance—"I am saved, because I believe I am saved"—and the following is their common style of address:—"I believe in Christ, I know I believe, and I have the best possible evidence that I am saved—Christ's own word—for He has said, 'He that hath the Son hath everlasting life!' The only evidence I want is God's own word, God says it, and what more can I want? God says that Sodom was destroyed for its sins—I believe the fact—why, then, am I considered presumptuous for believing, on the same testimony, that my sins are pardoned?" No doubt, God's word would be quite decisive, if He had anywhere said that a particular man was justified and saved; but where has He said it? The destruction of Sodom is a great fact of inspired history, but where is the same inspired testimony to the fact of your salvation? We have heard it declared, again and again, that "we make God a liar by doubting His word." Let Thomas Scott answer—the man who had to fight his whole life long, amidst dreadful unpopularity, against the very errors of these lay-preachers—"The doubting which Scripture condemns is not doubting our safety, but whether what God has said be true. To doubt whether I am a Christian or not does not make God a liar, for God has nowhere said I am so." We can hardly count the number of times we have heard the following illustration:—"If I owe a sum of money in London, and a friend pays it for me, I can have no peace or comfort till I know that the debt is paid." But suppose the debt is paid, you are actually safe, though you should be wanting in comfort. But if preachers are to tell hundreds of people, as we have heard them do, that their debt is actually paid, and their sin is actually put away, is this not, in effect, to tell them they are actually saved. This is downright universalism. These teachers forget that, according to their idea of faith and assurance being the same thing, there is no room left for self-deception, and that Paul's solemn warning to the Galatian Christians could have no relation to modern ideas:—"If a man think himself to be something when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself; but let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone and not in another." They make no distinction between a weak faith and a strong faith, confounding, as they do, the certainty of the things themselves with the assurance we hear of them; forgetful, as Scott says, of the obvious fact, that the one is always the same, and the other is proportioned to the strength of our faith.

Another idea of this new school is that Christians ought not to examine themselves—that “we ought not to look into the “muddled image of Christ in our own souls—that we should “not go rooting within the corruption of our own hearts, “examining ourselves, having our eyes fixed on self instead of “Christ—that it makes us unhappy, and casts reproach on the “Spirit of God.” What, then, can have been the meaning of David’s prayer, “Search me, O God, and know my heart, and “see if there be any wicked way in me;” or Paul’s injunction, “Examine yourselves,” “Know ye not your own selves,” “But “let every man prove his own work;” or John’s admonition, “Look to yourselves?” “But,” says the convert, “it breaks my “peace to examine myself;” and so it ought, if you have been cherishing secret or known sin. We are told, in one of these pamphlets, that a man once remarked, “I am always happy in “Christ;” “Then,” said another, “if you were less happy you “would be more holy.” “I know I am saved,” said another. “Well, take care that the Lord knows it.” “I fear for nothing; “perfect love casteth out fear.” “But take care you have this “perfect love,” was the sensible reply. The professors of this superfine spiritualism would do well to remember the words— “Stand in awe and sin not; commune with your own heart on “your bed and be still.”

But the favourite doctrine of the lay-preacher is that of imputed sanctification. Their usual formula is, that “most “evangelical Christians look to Christ for justification, and to “themselves for sanctification;” whereas they, in possession of deeper truth and a fuller Gospel, look to Jesus for both justification and sanctification. It is their habit to parade a few texts, such as “Sanctified in Christ Jesus,” “Ye are complete “in Him,” and “Christ Jesus who of God is made unto us “wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption;” as unexceptionable evidence of the truth of a doctrine which Luther, Calvin, Baxter, Bunyan, Howe, Leighton, and all the divines had missed in their theological researches. But, after all, when we come to inquire into the matter, we discover that these teachers use the word sanctification in its *Old Testament* sense of consecration, and make it synonymous with legal oneness, which we understand as justification, while they look for advancement in spiritual life and personal holiness just as other Christians do. They only succeed in disturbing the terminology of two centuries, and introduce a nomenclature as absurd as it is confusing, for imputed sanctification is nonsense. Righteousness may be imputed, but justification and sanctification can only be conferred; and in the passage quoted from

Corinthians, there is no mention of imputed sanctification, any more than of imputed wisdom or imputed redemption. So long, then, as the Spirit's peculiar work is not denied, we can see no great harm in these laymen regarding the perfect obedience and sinless life of Jesus as ours, and singing, in the language of Hart—

“With thy spotless garments on,
Holy as the Holy One;”

But we altogether object to their claiming for their party, on this account, a more thorough comprehension of spiritual truth than the Evangelical Churches, and looking down with a supercilious compassion upon the commentators and theologians of three centuries.

Another idea is, that a Christian ought not to pray for forgiveness, because his sins were put away eighteen hundred years ago, and that it is improper to pray for the Holy Spirit or for spiritual blessings, because “all things are already ours.” If there be any validity in this argument, we ought never to pray at all, for our sins were put away whether we believe or not, or whether we pray or not, and no criminality whatever, in God's sight, ought ever to have attached to David's murder and adultery, notwithstanding Nathan's pointed rebuke. But the preachers confound atonement and forgiveness—the one was made eighteen hundred years ago, and as for the other, every student of Scripture knows that a man is never justified till he believes. The idea that it is unscriptural to pray for the Holy Spirit is a crotchet peculiar to the Irvingites and the Plymouth Brethren; but what is the meaning of our Lord saying to his disciples, “If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them who ask Him;” or of Paul praying that “the God of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Glory, might give to the Ephesians the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him.”

But it is a far more serious error of these preachers to say that “works have nothing to do with our salvation, for once we are saved, we are saved for ever, beyond the risk of falling away.” Of course, works have nothing to do with a sinner's justification, but where is the Scripture-ground for believing that we shall be saved independently of our Christian walk and conversation? We know, too, that no true believer will ever fall away; but we are equally assured of the fact that “without holiness no man shall see the Lord;” that “believers must be careful to maintain good works,” and “are created in Christ Jesus unto good works,” that “we must give diligence to

"make our calling and election sure," and "work out our own salvation with fear and trembling," and that believers are "elect through sanctification of the Spirit unto obedience," and are "chosen in Jesus to be holy and without blame before Him in love." How, then, can it be asserted that works have nothing to do with our salvation? It is not a wholesome indication of the tendencies of this school that a young preacher, as Mr. Trench tells us, included SIN among the many things that Paul was persuaded would never separate him from the love of God; and that a society of converts represented "their hearts as chilled and their hopes as clouded" by the first Epistle of John, with its pregnant warnings against self-deception, and its reiterated announcement that it is by keeping God's commandments we shall know we are Christians!

But we have yet to examine, perhaps, the most dangerous of all their errors, viz., "that the law of God is not a rule of life for believers—that it is abolished since the death of Christ—and that we are now under the law of love." This doctrine is seldom, if ever, proclaimed in public addresses, but in tracts and treatises it appears without any disguise. But if the law is repealed, as a rule of life to believers, how can Paul say as a regenerate man, "I delight in the law of the Lord after the inward man," "I myself serve the law of God," "the law is holy, just, and good," "being not without law to God, but under law to Christ," "the law is good if a man use it lawfully," implying a lawful as well as unlawful use of the law; "do we, then, make void the law through faith? Nay, verily, we establish the law." If the law be repealed as a calendar of direction, why should Paul quote in one place no less than five of the ten commandments, and enjoin, in another place, the duty of obedience upon children, by the reason assigned in the fifth commandment? Why did our blessed Lord take his illustrations, in the sermon on the mount, from the Decalogue, if it were to be for ever obsolete, and say, in words not to be explained away by any Darbyite sophistry, "Think not I am come to destroy the law and the prophets?" You cannot take away the law out of the Gospel and leave almost anything behind it. These writers speak of something higher, holier and better than the law, which Christians enjoy, as a rule, under the Gospel; but where is the lofty spirituality that is higher than the commandments of the law exact? Christ was himself no higher than the law—that and that alone was the rule of his obedience. Can they put their higher law in writing? Where is it—in black and white? Is it not rather a spiritual eclecticism which gathers its "law of love" from

every quarter, according to the guidance of the Christian consciousness? Whatever it may be, the teachers of this new theology regard the law as actually abolished. Indeed, they go so far as to say that the Gentiles were never under the law, which was a system of jurisprudence intended exclusively for the Jews. But Paul says, "The Gentiles are a law to themselves, which show the work of the law (*του νομου*) written in their hearts;" and he tells us that Christ "was born of a woman made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law." Did he redeem Jews only? Besides, he tells the Romans, who were Gentiles, as well as Jews, that the "carnal mind is enmity against God, and is not subject to the law of God." It follows, from this doctrine, as an almost necessary consequence, that these laymen deny the divine origin of the Sabbath, and practically enrol themselves in the ranks of those Anti-sabbatarian reformers who are making such strenuous efforts to continentalize our Christian Sabbath.

But the question will now be asked, what will be the probable effects of such a movement as this? In the first place, then, we have no doubt whatever that real conversions have taken place under the earnest ministry of these excellent young men. The very fact of forty or fifty gentlemen of position devoting themselves, without charge, to such a work, ought to set this part of the question at rest. But these conversions prove nothing for the doctrines of the preachers; they are due to the old truths, the good old doctrines of grace, on which they are tolerably clear and sound, and not to the new discoveries they proclaim, which, so far as they go, are an incumbrance and a clog to their usefulness. "The Lord has blessed the truth," Mr. Trench says, "preached with zeal, and love, and talent, and simplicity, and freshness, and great plainness of speech, under circumstances of novelty, by persons from whom it was little expected. The young have influenced the young, and, in some instances, the gratuitous services of a layman, especially where that layman had rank, education and influence, have been esteemed more highly than the professional labours of the stated ministry." Conversions have taken place under a Roman Catholic ministry, but it was not the errors of the Papal system that were so signally blessed. The doctrines of these laymen contain a large foundation of truth, as well as a very considerable pretence of biblical exactness; and their hearers, "from previous habit, may even extract the truth from verbal error." But, in the second place, we have no hesitation in declaring that this work of evangelism will stir up the Episcopal ministry to greater earnestness and zeal,

as well as stimulate to simpler and more effective methods of public teaching. It is not strange that the clergy have, in so many instances, condemned the lay services, though their opposition has been directed more against the impropriety of laymen usurping ministerial functions than against the extreme or false positions they take in their addresses. An eminent clergyman, tinged with Broad-Church views, has declared that "angels in heaven will weep over the converts of such men," and has tried in vain to restrain his flock from straying into such forbidden pastures. In one small town, very far south, no less than fifty souls are reckoned as brought to the truth by these lay services; and as the rector of the parish is a Puseyite, and strongly opposed to the work, some anxiety is manifested as to the future ecclesiastical relations of these people, as there is no dissenting chapel in the place to save them from being swept into the vortex of Plymouthism. In some districts the clergy assume a wise neutrality; in others they are openly favourable to the movement, and thus the converts are saved from the great danger of being detached from the regular ministry, and carried off at the mercy of whimsical sectaries. There is no doubt that the laymen have taught a lesson in the art of public speaking to the regular clergy; for when an outcry was made, some time ago, in Dublin, by clergymen lamenting the desertion of their churches, not on the weekdays only, but during the hours of the Sabbath services, through the superior attractions of a lay ministry, one of the most popular and rising Episcopalian clergymen of the metropolis said that the clergy had been taught a lesson by the laymen—to discard their manuscript sermons, and to talk to the people, about their souls, in a direct, off-hand, simple style of address which would go to their hearts.

But, in the third place, we believe that this movement will give a stimulus to Bible study. It is the habit of these people to decry commentaries and tomes of theology, and to advise their converts to confine themselves exclusively to the study of the Bible. An estimable man has said—and his experience will stand for that of a hundred others—"I got no peace while I read the commentaries, but God's own Word set my heart at rest." We do not dispute the sincerity of this statement, though we would be glad to believe that, with the giving up of the old commentators—Matthew Henry, Thomas Scott, and Adam Clarke—they had also given up the tracts, treatises and commentaries of the Plymouth Brethren, whose opinions they have, in some instances, copied with a suspicious exactness. Still, after all, we believe they are earnest and intense students of the Divine Word, and if they have not poured

any tide of fresh and powerful thinking over the wide field of theological speculation, they have undoubtedly succeeded in giving prominence and force to some old truths which will only pass away with the dying earth and the melting elements. It is our confident opinion that bibles are more read at present than formerly, and that the converts display a beautiful and unswerving devotion to God's Word, as well as a principle and habit of prayerfulness, which will, in the long run, save them from the doctrinal fancies and crotchets of their teachers.

But, in the fourth place, the question arises—will the Evangelical Churches reap any substantial result, in their actual membership, from these lay services? Many evangelical clergymen have expressed an anxious desire to see good done to people in their existing church relationships; but they have been deeply concerned to observe a tendency in some quarters to detach the converts altogether from the Evangelical Churches. The question arises, then—Is this only an exceptional tendency of the movement? Now, when we consider that of the lay preachers themselves a few are avowed Plymouthites, that many have withdrawn from the Evangelical Churches, and belong now to "the church of Christ," and only a few remain in their old relations, there is surely ground for something more than grave suspicion as to the ecclesiastical tendency of the work. But, as a matter of actual history, it is our belief that, for so far, the movement has not, to any considerable extent, injured the membership of churches. Mr. Trench speaks wisely and warmly of the unsettling tendency of the movement, and warns young men against the seductions of Darbyism. There is a lesson of grave import in the following sentence:—"I have now before me the names of eleven men whom I knew more or less of thirty years ago. They left the Church of England, and I think their history is instructive. They were all, I believe, men of piety and talent; all left for Darbyism; six of them went on to Irvingism; three out of the eleven continue Darbyites, and two came back to the Church of England, but sorely crippled and wounded for life; and one, not seeing his own way back to the Church of England, now belongs to no church, but advises others to stay where they are." We trust the moral of this sad piece of history will not soon be forgotten.

In conclusion, we cannot but regard the prominence of the lay element, in works of Christian usefulness, as a hopeful feature in the future of Irish Protestantism. That element has never been depressed in the best times of the Church's history; and whether this particular movement is to last or not—and it

gives signs of organization and permanence—it will undoubtedly influence the life of the Irish Churches to no inconsiderable extent. It will stir up the regular ministry to a proper and enlightened discharge of its duty; an intenser earnestness will be imparted to many a spirit; that dead inanity, which is inseparable from an utter lack of earnestness and ignorance of the Gospel, will disappear, to a great extent, from the national pulpits, and Christians generally will realize their separate and immediate responsibility in the regeneration of the world.

VII.

THE NEW HOLY ALLIANCE.*

“**I**N the name of God,” says the old German adage, “begins all evil,” and it is not in the pages of Church History only, and in the records of spiritual despotism, that we are always jostling against fresh illustrations of the truth of this profound bit of proverbial philosophy. They swarm in every corner of that wide Samaritan world in which men find that it answers their purpose to serve the Lord, after a fashion, whilst the worship of their hearts is reserved for their own idols, Ambition, Pride, and Pelf. We look up and we see statesmen who gloss over the social nuisance and crying injustice of Church Rates, by christening the hateful impost “a national homage to Christianity.” We look down and we behold crawling through church key-holes, towards their dirty objects, the Pecksniffs of private life. To priestcraft undoubtedly belongs the palm of pre-eminence in the detestable art of prostituting divine pretexts to devilish ends. Has it not egged on a father to consecrate from his own estate, and with his own hands to fell and kindle, the green logs on which his own daughter was roasted alive *ad majorem Dei gloriam*? But at the same time, it must be owned that statecraft has been no unapt pupil of its elder sister in the mysteries of this hideous alchemy. It can boast of the Holy Alliance.

This unique convention, which, when we contrast its dovelike cooings and pious professions with its liberticide and sanguinary issues, reminds us of a cannibal saying grace, was concocted at

* *La Pologne, L'Empereur Napoleon Ier., et La Sainte Alliance.*
Paris. 1864.

the meeting of the Allied Sovereigns, in Paris, and was signed simultaneously with the Peace of Paris on the 26th of September, 1815. It was ostensibly the production of the Emperor Alexander, but its internal character and known facts combine to show that a feminine brain was much concerned in the elaboration of the project. Madame von Krudener, a Swiss Catholic lady of a deeply mystical stamp, had obtained a great ascendancy over the mind of the Czar. She had followed him from St. Petersburg to Paris, and with her he was closeted for the purposes of spiritual exercises for whole days together, during his stay in France. The brilliant conversion bore fruit, if not in preventing the matrimonial infidelities over which the Czarina afterwards groaned, yet in the inauguration of the policy which characterized all Europe during the so-called Restoration Epoch. Issuing from his religious retreat under the direction of his Egeria, his eyes still red with weeping over the sins of the Lord's anointed, which had brought down upon them the Napoleonic visitation, he presented to his brother sovereigns, for their signature, the remarkable document known to history under the name of the Holy Alliance. Invoking the name of God, the subscribing monarchs bound themselves to practise conformity with the principles of the Holy Scriptures, which order all men to regard each other as brethren, and, considering themselves as compatriots, to lend each other every aid, assistance and succour, on every occasion; and regarding themselves towards their subjects and armies as fathers, to direct them on every occasion, in the same spirit of fraternity with which they were animated, to the protection of religion, peace, and justice. "In pursuance of this," the Treaty went on to say, "the sole principle in vigour, either between the said governments or among their subjects, it shall be our determination to render each other reciprocal aid, and to testify by continued good deeds, the unalterable mutual affection by which we are animated, to consider ourselves only as members of one great Christian nation, and regarding ourselves solely as delegates appointed by Providence to govern three branches of the same family, viz. Austria, Prussia, and Russia; confessing also that the Christian nation, of which we and our people form a part, has in reality no other sovereign, to whom of right belongs all power, because He alone possesses all the treasures of love, knowledge and infinite wisdom, than God Almighty, our Divine Saviour, Jesus Christ, the Word of the Most High, the Word of Life. We therefore recommend in the most earnest manner to our people, as the only way of securing that peace which flows from a good conscience, and which alone is durable, to fortify themselves every day more and more in the principles and

exercise of the duties which the Divine Saviour has taught to men. All the powers which may feel inclined to avow the sacred principles which have dictated the present treaty, and which may perceive how important it is for the happiness of nations, too long agitated, that these truths should henceforth exercise on human destinies all the influence which should pertain to them, shall be received with as much eagerness as affection with the present Alliance. (Signed) FRANCIS, FREDERICK WILLIAM, ALEXANDER." Accordingly, all the powers with the exception of the Pope and England speedily gave in their adhesion. The Court of Rome had no objection, of course, to a league of sovereigns against peoples, but an insuperable one to the recognition of Protestant heretics and Greek schismatics as members along with devout Catholics of one and the same Christian nation. The reason of England's holding aloof was characteristically assigned by Lord Castlereagh, in answer to an interpellation of Henry Brougham at the opening of the session of Parliament in 1816. So far from endorsing the eloquent young liberal's opinion, who had thus early denounced the Alliance as "a convention for enslaving mankind under the mask of piety and religion," the tory minister, after owning that it had been communicated to the Prince Regent, added that it met with the entire approval of His Royal Highness, who, however, had abstained from signing it, "as the forms of the British constitution prevented him from acceding to it."

The indignation of the British Liberals would certainly not have been abated at the *sang froid* displayed by a British Foreign Secretary in presence of a European coalition against freedom, had it been known that there were secret articles attached to the treaty, binding the powers to curb all political discussion, by means of the press or public meetings, and to put down, by force if necessary, all attempts on the part of subjects to wring from their sovereigns constitutional rights. Such were the objects for which this pious fraternity of kings pledged themselves to act together as one man, and thus did they keep the promises to confer free institutions on their peoples, with which in the moment of their supreme agony, they had conjured up those national risings which proved the downfall of Napoleon.

The rampantly reactionary system pursued by Sidmouth and Castlereagh afforded but too luminous a comment upon the Government's parliamentary declaration on the subject of the Holy Alliance. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus and the passing of the Seditious Meetings' Act in 1817, were measures in such exact keeping with its principles and aims that they might have been inspired by Metternich himself, who was soon

universally recognised as the ruling spirit of the League. No wonder, therefore, if at the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, which was held in the following year, the Austrian Chancery met with no remonstrance on the part of England, when, in conjunction with Prussia, it riveted on the limbs of Germany that curiously wrought system of repression called the Federal Constitution. The elegant voluptuary, whose utter heartlessness in private life was well reflected in his statesmanship, was the first who elevated into the highest maxim of political wisdom the words of the Roman poet—

Tua res agitur cum domus proximi ardet,
Ucalegon!

Accordingly, the *Bundesverfassung* was a Holy Alliance within the Holy Alliance. Like everything which bore the impress of Metternich's genius, it was an elaborate scheme of mutual insurance between the Austrian Ucalegon and his neighbours against the fire of revolution. Under penalty of drawing down upon themselves the vengeance of the whole Confederation, the several princes were forbidden to meet the wishes of their subjects for reasonable political reforms. Sane and sober Germany was thus forced by her mad Solons into a strait-waistcoat of steel, from which she only escaped in the convulsions of 1848.

So dominant was the reaction at this period, that Alexander could afford to display a little cheap liberalism. It was in the spring of the same year which witnessed the Congress of Aix la Chapelle, and the re-admission of Bourbon France into the European Pentarchy, after a mulct of sixty millions sterling, and a three years' imprisonment, with the allied armies as her gaolers, that the Czar uttered his memorable speech at the opening of the Polish Diet. Arrayed in the national costume, he inaugurated his career, as constitutional King of Poland, with this promising declaration:—"I hope to extend the salutary influence of this constitutional form of government to *all* the countries entrusted to my care." In like manner, his expulsion of the Jesuits, and his project for the emancipation of the serfs, kept the world on the *qui vive*. But, alas! for the philanthropic monarch, the insatiable Poles tried his philosophic temper too severely. The Diet had the impudence to solicit trial by jury, and Alexander dissolved it in a rage, on the 13th of October, 1820. He was then on his way to attend the Congress of Troppau, and had been much alarmed by the events which had led to this fresh gathering of the sovereigns composing the Alliance. For, meanwhile, the hereditary perfidy and tyranny of the two Bourbons, Ferdinand of Naples and Ferdinand of Spain, who, with the ægis of the European Coalition over-

shadowing them, knew they might dare everything with impunity, had enveloped the Iberian and Italian peninsulas in the flames of revolution. Both had been fain to concede to their subjects the Spanish Constitution of 1812, and both, after swearing to observe it, were doing their best to rid themselves of the ignominious yoke. It was soon seen that this precious brace of paternal sovereigns had not counted in vain on "the spirit of fraternity" which animated the Holy family to protect religion in the shape of the Spanish Inquisition, peace, in the desolation of the fairest portions of the earth, and justice, in the consecration, under the most solemn forms of international law, of the Divine right of kings to do every sort of wrong. The European intervention in Italy was decided on in principle at Troppau, and at the Congress of Laybach, in the following year; Austria was chosen as the fitting executioner to carry it out. Of the thoroughness with which Metternich's Croats fulfilled their mission nothing need be said. Ferdinand of Naples, who had been invited by a holograph letter from the sovereigns to attend the Congress in person, was formally invested with the command of the army which, in the name of the three powers, Austria, Prussia, and Russia, was charged to restore him to the plenitude of authority which he had enjoyed previously to the outbreak of the military revolt of the 5th of July, 1820. Already, at Troppau, the powers haughtily refused even an interview with the delegates of the Neapolitan Chambers, and now, at Laybach, it was laid down as a principle that no reforms could be recognised save such as should proceed *proprio motu* from kings, and that no compromise could be thought of with the revolutions in the Peninsulas. Such was the spirit in which the Neapolitan, Sicilian, Roman and Piedmontese movements of 1820-21 were suppressed, and the most unmitigated despotism re-established by Austrian bayonets throughout the whole of Italy.

But what, it may be asked, were England and France about in face of this tremendous Absolutist Propaganda? To their shame be it spoken, they were passive spectators of these high-handed proceedings. Englishmen have to picture to themselves, as best they may, the Iron Duke perched in the gallery of the Hall of Congress a grim witness of transactions which even a Castlereagh was constrained to declare "were directly opposed to the fundamental laws of his country."

England did not make such an ignominious appearance when the turn of Spain came at the new conclave of Verona in 1822, although France on that occasion, though not without some qualms, submitted to be made the catspaw of the Alliance policy. For, at the critical moment, the suicide of Lord Londonderry

(Castlereagh) had withdrawn the bolt which riveted the chains of Europe, and had placed George Canning in his proper place. He had been only forty-eight hours in the Foreign Office, when he was summoned to furnish Wellington with his instructions for the Congress. They were precise and clear, and they sounded the knell of the Alliance. "If there be a determination to interfere by force or by menace in the present struggle in Spain, so convinced are his Majesty's ministers of the uselessness and danger of any such interference, so objectionable does it appear to them in principle, as well as utterly impracticable in execution, that when the necessity arises—or, as I would rather say, *when an opportunity presents itself*—I am to instruct your Grace, at once, frankly and decidedly to declare, that to any such interference his Majesty will not be a party." The Duke was, moreover, ordered to announce to the dismayed powers England's recognition of the independence of the revolted Spanish colonies, that statesmanlike act, by which, as Canning himself afterwards expressed it, he "called into existence the new world, to redress the balance of the old." In the same spirit, England replied to the three questions proposed by France to the powers, before embarking in the intervention which the Alliance invited her to undertake in its name. They were asked.—(1.) If France withdrew her ambassador from Madrid, would they follow her example? (2.) Could France, if she made war on Spain, reckon on their moral support? (3.) What, in fine, are the intentions of the great powers, in regard to the extent of material succours, should such be necessary? Whilst to all these questions the answer of the other courts was, as might be expected, in the affirmative, our own plenipotentiary replied, "that having no information as to the causes of the quarrel between France and Spain, and not being in a position to form a judgment on the hypothetical case put, it was impossible for him to answer any of the questions." The intervention was, of course, decided upon, and in the speech from the throne at the opening of the French Chambers, on the 28th of January, 1823, the mission of 100,000 men across the Pyrenees under the Duc d'Angoulême was announced, "invoking the God of St. Louis to preserve the throne of Spain to a descendant of Henry IV., to save that fine kingdom from ruin, and to reconcile it to Europe." The royal mouthpiece of the Alliance added, "Let Ferdinand VII. be free to give to his people the institutions which they can never hold, but of him." The King's speech at the opening of our own Parliament, a few days afterwards, was a counter-manifesto, which, to use the words of Brougham, "was a source of comfort to all the Free States, and

"brought dismay and confusion to the Allies, who with a pretended respect for, but a real mockery of religion and morality, made war upon liberty in the abstract, endeavoured to crush national independence wherever it was to be found, and were now preparing with their armed hordes, to carry their frightful projects into execution." In fact, from that time the Alliance visibly collapsed, and when it was so openly challenged by the French Revolution of 1830, it owned its impotence, and made no sign.

We have deemed it well to refresh the memories of our readers with a slight sketch of the rise, progress, and decline of the Holy Alliance, because, as they are aware, we are openly threatened with its revival. How far, with or without reasons, it will presently be our duty to enquire. Meanwhile, our gravest statesmen own that the wide spread alarm on the subject, which is felt both here and on the continent, is not altogether groundless. After a comparative oblivion during the lifetime of a whole generation, this unblest spectre which walked abroad in the days of our fathers, and so sorely troubled their repose, again flits ominously across the scene.

It is in connection with the latest phases of the Dano-German question that the disquieting revelation, which makes so much noise just now, has been made. Nor is the coincidence accidental. Not that we are witnessing in that affair any new partition of Poland, as the sensation journalists have told us. For, if the gallantly fought battle of the Danes has been lost, it is hard to say in what respect the Vienna preliminaries of peace leave them worse off than they would have been, had the sinister Treaty of 1852 never been made. Unless, indeed, in this, that they have saddled themselves with an unpopular dynasty, which, unless they are prepared to brave the wrath of Russia, they will find much in their way just now, in their efforts to realise that Scandinavian unity, which, in their present extremity, is, perhaps, their best chance. What we allude to is the encouragement given to the European reaction by the attitude of England. For, in the course of this Danish question, whether as is asserted by many, not only abroad but at home, our national honour has been tarnished or not, England's inability to intervene alone in continental politics has been demonstrated beyond reasonable doubt. The proof is the more complete and convincing because it comes to confirm what was previously but too clear when the Polish question was under discussion.

We own we are not of the number of those who think that our government has compromised the good faith of the nation on either occasion. If any sin was committed by our Foreign

Office against the heroic but unfortunate Poles, it was in its too eager announcement that our joint diplomatic intervention in common with France and Austria, between Russia and her writhing and shrieking victim, would not be followed up by any armed demonstration on our part. But though the humiliating avowal of our want of power to prevent this fresh martyrdom of that unhappy people might have been postponed awhile, yet it could not have been for long. The simple but awkward fact is, that we could only deprecate, protest against, and deplore, but could not help the catastrophe. As the Premier once put it, we cannot transport a British army into the heart of Europe in balloons, even if we had a British army to spare. And now that the bitter end is come, with order reigning at Warsaw once more, and the hangman at work even upon the chiefs of that invisible government, which guided with such great, but alas ! fruitless patriotism, and with such consummate ability, this formidable, if abortive, insurrection, it is very doubtful whether, in the interests of common humanity, the unwelcome truth was told a day too soon. It is now but too clear, that, unlike the national mourning, the physical force movement was not supported by the peasantry at large, whilst, on the other hand, against the hundred thousand cossacks which the Czar has been able to hurl upon the bleeding land, nothing but the *levée en masse* could have had a chance of success; and a timely and wisely-guided rising of the whole of the oppressed nationality might very possibly succeed without foreign aid, which should always be dispensed with in such cases, if possible, and which, as is well known, the leaders of even the present partial revolt were agreed it was unadvisable to invoke ; and this is a sufficient answer to the allegation that our inaction tied the hands of the Emperor of the French. It may suit the purposes of the French government scribes thus to cast the odium of the dead-lock upon us ; but none knows better now than the astute potentate whom they serve that our blunt refusal to join him in attempting the impossible has saved him from getting into a very awkward scrape. He must, by this time, be well aware that the practical good sense of our statesmen stood him in good stead on the occasion ; for he knows England too well to share in the ungenerous suspicion, too common amongst his subjects, that British politicians dread a re-creation of Poland on the ground that the new creation would be the standing ally of France. He now knows that even had England backed him in his enterprise with the comparatively slender resources at her disposal for a war in the centre of Europe, his task would have assumed proportions on

which he had not at all calculated. With his Frenchmen, if all but unanimously Polish quite as unanimously pacific, he would have had to revolutionize Poland in the teeth, not only of Russia and Prussia, but as is by this time quite certain, of *Austria* as well; for that wily power has at length dropped the mask, which, for purposes of her own, she at first found it convenient to wear. Her present attitude in Galicia renders patent to all the world what everybody, who watched with due jealousy her tortuous policy in the Polish crisis, saw clearly enough from the outset. The first shot fired by France in behalf of the independence of Poland would have found the New Holy Alliance of the three crowned thieves already constituted *omnibus membris solutus*, and with a million and a half of bayonets at its disposal. In like manner, the Emperor Napoleon owes a debt of lasting gratitude to Earl Russell for declining his grand scheme of a European Congress, if in somewhat uncourtly terms. If the late London Conference could not, after a bloody war, settle the question of a mere ribbon of territory in Schleswig, what an unutterable *fiasco* would have turned out the proposed amphictyonic council of all the powers, which was to have discussed before war not only the Duchies, but Poland also and Circassia, the Principalities and Hungary! Surely, if, as has been asserted, Napoleon's holding aloof from England in the Danish question is to be attributed to a feeling of petty retaliation upon our Foreign Secretary for having snubbed this darling project of the Tuileries, he must be not only one of the unwise but also one of the most ungrateful of men.

In the Danish question, the English Government has been made the scapegoat, especially in the eyes of foreigners, of the very grave offences of the English press in general and of *The Times* in particular. Not even on American affairs have our newspapers, with some honourable exceptions, been so untrue to their glorious mission as "the best possible public instructors." The ignorance of the simplest elements of the controversy, displayed by the Printing House Square organ and its countless apes in the London and provincial press, is worthy of the dashing leading writers who once made Charlemagne a descendant of Hugh Capet, and on another occasion committed the ever memorable *faux pas* as to the date of Prussia's entrance into the Zollverein. Now, indeed, enlightened a little by the great debate in both Houses of Parliament in the first week of July, the press has silently dropped the grossest of its many incredible blunders, and it may be left to literary antiquaries to confront its former bold assertions with its admissions of to-day. It is now pretty generally conceded that the charges of bad faith and obstinacy

brought against Denmark were substantially true, and that it was not altogether for nothing that forty millions of Germans went mad. Lord Palmerston acknowledged that ever since the conclusion of the Treaty of 1852 she had systematically evaded the obligations she had taken upon herself by virtue of that ill-starred convention, and that her sovereign had committed the same mistake as the incorrigible King of Holland when he goaded the Belgians into revolt by the most insane meddling with their political franchises, their language and their religion. It has been discovered, at last, by our able editors that, in an ethnological point of view, Holstein is not quite half Danish, nor Schleswig almost wholly so. Even in the intricate succession dispute, though as yet we cannot go so far as those who tell us that if the Duke of Augustenburg did not exist he ought to be invented, yet it is less common now than it was a few weeks ago to sneer at him as a "pretender." We are slowly awakening to the conviction that there were, after all, two sides to this question, or rather ganglion of questions, and that it would have been as well to have paused a little before proclaiming ourselves more Danish than the Danes. Happily, the prospect of Englishmen having ever to choose between French political sermons in their churches, and French spelling-books in their schools, and no preaching or spelling-books at all, is still very remote. We have little dread of ever seeing the day when our law suits shall be decided by French *prefets*, and the profits of our trade assessed by French commissioners of income-tax. Of course, we should hardly like to have to change our old familiar names of places for French ones, and to find Middlesex and Surrey transformed into *Tamise Droite* and *Tamise Gauche*. But the chance of Greenwich and the Isle of Dogs being ever octroied into *Villeverte* and *Isle des Chiens* is so infinitely small that we never trouble ourselves to ask what effect such an official remodelling of our topography by foreigners would produce upon our British nerves. Hence, we ought not, perhaps, to marvel too much at the late tide of loose talk about the "shadowy grievances" of the present inhabitants of the older England whence our forefathers sailed to found the old England in which we dwell; but it is easy to see that had our country gentlemen and London tradesmen been only able to realise those things at the right time, the popular sympathy might have taken quite another turn. For, if the big bully be the true born Britain's just abhorrence, a small one is the object of his sovereign contempt.

But if English journalism has really incurred a heavy responsibility by holding out to the Danes the prospect of English aid, thus encouraging that gallant people to persevere against

such enormous odds, and to prolong their hopeless struggle, they themselves own that Earl Russell distinctly warned them not to expect this country to interfere, single-handed, on their behalf. Nor did he fail to remind them that their last chance of a joint interference of the Powers, under the Treaty of 1852, lay in a prompt and loyal return to the duties they had undertaken when they obtained that European guarantee (such as it was) for the renewal of their lapsing lease of the Duchies. His political preachments to the late King of Naples, and the Emperor Napoleon's homilies to the Pope, were just as effectual. The everlasting *Non possumus*, and the March to November constitutions were the only reply he got.

The real mistake of English policy in this interminable Schleswig-Holstein affair was in having anything to do with the now happily defunct Treaty, and that blunder lies at the door not of Earl Russell, but of Lord Palmerston. The true history of that convention was well summed up in the course of the late debate by that witty and shrewd politician, Bernal Osborne. "It was compiled at St. Petersburg, printed at Warsaw, bound in Russia leather, and then sent to the present First Minister of the Crown, at that time Secretary for Foreign Affairs." Now what were the principles of that Treaty? Why, upon its face, it bore a Russian aspect. It undertook to set aside the hereditary claims of princes and the rights of nations, and to hand over a large population, like so many serfs, to a dynasty which was hateful to them. It infringed all the rules which are supposed to make treaties valid. Here is Vattel's definition of a treaty. "A treaty made for an unjust cause is absolutely void. No one can engage himself to do things which are contrary to natural law." The deep-laid scheme of Muscovite diplomacy was this:—under cover of an arrangement ostensibly made to conserve the 'Balance of Power,' to draw the throne of Denmark and the Duchies within two, instead of some twenty, removes from the Czar. Since in the natural course of law, the Danish title to Schleswig-Holstein would lapse on the demise of the late King Frederick VIII., the Danes were induced to vest the succession to their crown in Russia's candidate for the possession of the Duchies. The Augustenburgs, whose claim was very strong in point of law, but whose recognition would have practically extinguished Russia's hopes of one day becoming absolute mistress of the Baltic, were, by all means, to be got rid of, on the pretext of their implication in the rising of 1848; and the lucky Glucksberg, who now reigns as Christian IX., backed by his imperial kinsman, got his slender title to a part of the late king's dominions exchanged for a

European guarantee of the whole. Such, in brief, is the tenor of the London and Warsaw Protocols, to which Lord Palmerston's assent was obtained in 1850-51, and whose provisions were afterwards embodied in the Treaty of 1852. We hesitate to believe that, as Bernal Osborne insinuated, it was under the pressure of the ministerial crisis in the miserable Don Pacifico affair, and the threat of the Russian ambassador to follow the example of the French, by demanding his passports, that Lord Palmerston was induced to sign these protocols. But the coincidence, in point of time, is singular, and, perhaps, if the truth were known, the Premier has not wept much over the breakdown of the treaty. At any rate, every other Englishman may well feel grateful to the Emperor of the French for saving us from plunging into a fratricidal war with the Germans to uphold such an instrument.

But why, it may be asked, did Russia herself decline to interfere in behalf of her own treaty; nay, why did she hinder Sweden from doing so by that significant massing of her troops in Finland at the critical instant? The answer is, that, with respect to the Danish succession, she has already got all she wanted, as the Danes and Europe may one day find to their cost. Her menace to Sweden, even at the time when she had Poland on her hands, is easily explained by her instinctive dread of Scandinavian unity. And as to her ostentatious surrender of her own pretended claims to the Duchies, in favour of her Oldenburg *protégé*, we must, perhaps, wait for further developments before its full meaning shall become apparent. The Vienna Peace has by no means settled that question; and the excitement caused by the seizure of Rendsburg, on the one hand, and by M. von Beust's reply to that high-handed act of Prussia, in the occupation of Lauenburg, on the other, is only a foreshadowing of the real tussle yet to come between Germany herself, and the two great Powers, who are rival aspirants for the hegemony of the Confederation. Already the minor German powers have taken care to remind Prussia and Austria that Denmark could not cede rights to the Duchies which she did not herself possess, and that the Federal Execution is, therefore, still in full legal force. Hence, numerous chances are still on the cards for Russia before this *Jarndyce v. Jarndyce* Chancery suit of international law is likely to end. Meanwhile, with palpitating Poland still so unsettled and feverish, she may have very good reasons for not wishing to disturb her sister eagles in their fresh repast.

We are thus again reminded of the famous despatches recently published in the *Morning Post*, and of the New Holy

Alliance, alleged to be already formed, or in course of formation, between the Three Partitioning Powers. The principal documents of the series, which are taken as foreboding a second European Triumvirate, are a report from the Prussian ambassador at Vienna to M. de Bismarck, and a communication from M. de Bismarck to the Prussian minister at Paris. The former is as follows :—

“ The Baron de Werther to M. de Bismarck.

“ Vienna, June 13, 1864.

“Monsieur le Président du Conseil—I have the honour to announce to your excellency that I had, previous to the departure of their Majesties for Kissingen, an audience of the Emperor, and a long conversation with the Count de Rechberg. I hasten to give you an account of it. Acting in conformity with the instructions which your excellency gave me in the last dispatch which you did me the honour to address to me, I have profited by the opportunity which presents itself, in order to sound the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor regarding the *object* of the interview at Kissingen with the Emperor Alexander.

“His Majesty told me he would be happy to see the most intimate and cordial agreement established both between himself and the Czar, and between the three Governments, which agreement is, in the present state of things, so necessary for the three Powers. His Majesty spoke to me as follows :

“‘I am quite ready to adhere to every combination of such a nature as to ensure the peace of Europe, and to guarantee the reciprocal interests of the three countries. It is in this sense that I explain myself to the Emperor of Russia, and to my Royal ally, your august sovereign.’

“M. de Rechberg entered into more ample explanations with me. He asked me, in the first place, whether the Government of the King had already come to any determination with regard to the Russian proposal. According to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, the proposal is of too much importance to be decided upon immediately. His excellency recognises almost as much as Russia the necessity, in the present state of things in Europe, of an intimate mutual understanding between the three Powers; but would not such an understanding at this moment produce an intimate *rapprochement* between France and England, and is it not at this time, above all things, the interest of the two great German Powers, and of Germany, to avoid this eventuality?

“What is the present object of Russia? That the three partitioning Powers of Poland may reciprocally guarantee to each other their Polish provinces. But, his excellency went on to say, is this at the present moment a matter of urgent importance? The insurrection may now be regarded as completely crushed, and foreign intervention as set aside. It is true that eventualities may present themselves which would revive the Polish question, but for the present it no longer exists.

“Moreover, continued M. de Rechberg, although the interests of Austria are not opposed to an intimate alliance with Russia, we could

only adhere to the Russian proposal on certain conditions. It will be necessary that Russia should declare, in an unequivocal manner, that she will give her material assistance to Prussia and Austria, in the event of a war with the Western Powers for the affairs of the Duchies. And, from the Austrian point of view, certain guarantees would be necessary, which the Minister believes it unnecessary to mention. In a word, the Imperial Government is far from repelling the Russian proposal, but it desires to act with a knowledge of the objects in view, and after having received the assurances it thinks necessary.

"Such, Monsieur le Président du Conseil, is the summary of my conversation with M. de Rechberg, who, as your excellency is already informed, is to accompany their Majesties to-morrow to Kissingen.

(Signed) "WERTHER."

The picture of Austria's coyness and reluctance to entertain the Russian proposal, *at least until she shall have got her price*, is very edifying. It is the more amusing if, as is very probable, the whole scheme originated with herself. What if it was she who conjured up the late Polish troubles in order to intimidate her truant lover in the North into a return to her impure embraces? The other despatch is not less piquant. Here it is :—

"M. de Bismarck to the Count de Goltz, at Paris.

"Berlin, June 15, 1864.

"Monsieur le Comte—In the last confidential communication which I had the honour to address to your excellency I was enabled to inform you of the various important proposals which have been made to us by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg, in the question of the Duchies, and the other pending European questions; and I hasten, Monsieur le Comte, to inform your excellency of the proposals which have just been made to his Majesty the King, our august sovereign, by the Emperor Alexander in person, at the time of the visit which the Imperial family of Russia has just made to our august Royal family.

"Your Excellency is already aware of the attitude which the Cabinet of St. Petersburg has just adopted in the question of the Duchies, and which is so favourable to us in every point of view. The renunciation by the Emperor Alexander of his ulterior rights to the Duchies in favour of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg, is an evident proof of the amicable and favourable disposition of the Court of Russia towards Germany; and the Emperor Alexander has now again given to our august sovereign the most formal assurance that his efficacious and loyal concurrence is secured to us in this question. The views of the sovereign of Russia differ from ours only on the question of the succession. His Majesty agrees entirely in our mode of thinking on the frontiers of the new State, only he believes that it would be our common interest to place it under the sovereignty of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. Your excellency knows my personal opinion on this subject; but, in consequence of the lively sympathy of our august Royal family for the

family of Augustenburg, it is not very probable that this combination can prevail.

"The important point is, that in all these eventualities, the moral, and, if necessary, the material concurrence of Russia is secured to our policy in this question. Russia only asks for a guarantee against a Scandinavian union, and I think, Monsieur le Comte, that it would even be our interest to combat Scandinavian tendencies.

"As regards the other pending questions, the Emperor Alexander and Prince Gortchakoff have explained themselves on the subject in the clearest and most precise manner. The sovereign of Russia insisted, above all, on the necessity of a mutual understanding between the three Powers of the North in the present state of things in Europe. As all treaties are, so to say, regarded as null, would it not be advantageous for the great Powers, whose interests are in many respects identical, to form a league against certain tendencies and pretensions; would it not be necessary to put an end, once for all, to the Polish agitations, and to efface, once for all, the Polish question from the list of European questions? According to the view of the Emperor Alexander, it would be the interest of the three partitioning Powers to declare that they regard the affairs of Poland as a matter exclusively internal, and thus take away every pretext for a foreign intervention.

"His Majesty the Emperor Alexander has clearly made our august sovereign understand, as also has Prince Gortchakoff, as regards myself, that it would be desirable from every point of view to sign a treaty or convention between the three Powers, which should be based on the reciprocal guarantee of the territory of each Power. Such is in effect the proposal made by the Emperor Alexander to our august King, the importance of which will certainly not escape your Excellency. Although we agree in many points in the views of the Czar, we have not as yet arrived at any decision, but the bases which I have just indicated to your Excellency will be the preliminaries of the future negotiations on this subject.

"The views of the Cabinet of Vienna in this matter are indicated in the confidential communication which I have just received from the Baron de Werther, and which your Excellency will find annexed.

"In every case I beg of you, M. le Comte, to give me early information of the impression which has been made by the interview of the three sovereigns on the Cabinet of the Tuileries.

(Signed)

"BISMARCK."

It will be seen that, if the correspondence be genuine, Russia's recent veering round towards the great German powers in the Danish question is closely connected with the project of an offensive and defensive league between the three courts. She engages to secure them from molestation in the disposal of their prey if they will fall in with her plan for a mutual guarantee all round. Whether the despatches be really authentic or not, it is, in the nature of things, not so easy to decide. The story runs, that the secret was sold by an official

in the Prussian Foreign Office, and we all know that Prussian bureaucratic virtue is not above temptation. The culprit, however, can hardly be expected to come into open court with his proofs; hence, the denial of the governments implicated was perfectly safe, and, since they were hardly ripe as yet for the avowal of their designs, it was, under the circumstances, simply a matter of course. Moreover, the denial is not unqualified; it covers only a portion of the correspondence. The displacement of a date in one of the despatches, to which Earl Russell referred as a reason for his scepticism, in his reply to the interpellation of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe in the House of Lords on the 22nd of July, does not stand for much; it may be merely a copyist's error; nor will the slight passing reference in M. de Bismarck's despatch to a difference of opinion between himself and his sovereign as to the succession to the Duchies, appear to most men so monstrously improbable as it did to the horror-struck mind of our exemplarily constitutional Foreign Secretary. On the other hand, Earl Russell was compelled to own to at least a general resemblance between the tenor of a despatch by Prince Gortchakoff, said in the *Morning Post* correspondence to have been shown to Lord Napier, and that was actually communicated to our minister at St. Petersburg. But what is still more serious, in spite of his dubiety as to the authenticity of the despatches in question, Earl Russell admitted the substantial truth of its startling disclosures.

"He had to state that there had been transactions which did give a certain semblance of truth to the substance of these documents. It was well known that, on the part of the governments of Austria, Russia and Prussia, there was a very extreme apprehension of what was called the party of revolution; and that those powers were constantly expressing their desire that all the sovereigns in Europe might unite to resist the aggressions of that party. Language of that kind certainly accorded with the representations made in these documents." This reply of our Foreign Secretary was little calculated to allay the misgivings of the veteran diplomatist to whom it was more immediately addressed. So far from it, it is a weighty confirmation of the well-pondered opinion expressed by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe—no novice in the intrigues of the courts concerned—to the effect that "some portion of the correspondence was proved by facts to be substantially genuine," and that, "on *a priori* grounds, looking at the policy of these governments, and the interests they had at stake, there was every probability that such an alliance as that which was rumoured was really in contemplation, whether it had

"or had not been finally completed." His lordship added, "it was impossible to deny that such an alliance constituted a danger to Europe, having regard to their power and the position they occupied. It formed a provocation to popular reaction of the most formidable kind. Was it to be believed, that if all the instruments of armed despotism were brought into play to suppress freedom, this could be done without leading to a strenuous resistance on the part, not only of those peoples who were seeking to gain their liberty, but on the part also of constitutional governments?" The blood of George Canning boils in the veins of the representative of his name at the re-appearance of the python deemed to have been fatally transfixed by that son of light.

To conclude a somewhat discursive article. The international situation and the *a posteriori* evidence certainly alike point to the conclusion, drawn by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, that this New Holy Alliance is an inchoate fact, and that Europe is really threatened with a second, quite other than republican, Reign of Terror. As we have hinted above, Austria is probably at the bottom of this leviathan intrigue, although she has cleverly contrived to push Russia into the foreground, and to force the Czar into making the first advances. With not only Poland, but Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia and Venetia, all in a state of chronic and unappeasable disaffection, and with Gortchakoff ever plotting to requite her for her great act of ingratitude during the Crimean war, her case was fast becoming desperate. Her rupture with Russia had already cost her Lombardy, her richest province, and her practical omnipotence in Italy; for no one will believe that, with the *entente cordiale* between Vienna and St. Petersburg intact, Napoleon would ever have ventured upon his Italian war of liberation. Why, he dropped it like hot iron in the very midst of his triumphs, as soon as there was a prospect of even Prussia's coming to the help of her hardly bestead sister, and he hastily huddled up the miserable Peace of Villafranca. Prussia's price, however, for her aid, in the hegemony of Germany, Austria cannot afford to pay. If Austria, therefore, was to be saved, she must bring Russia back from her wanderings, and teach the Polar bear, if necessary, by the application of the actual cautery, to dance to her fiddling. Her game was well nigh lost, but she had still a trump card to play, and she has played it. Like many a man with bankruptcy staring him in the face, she has made capital out of her difficulties. Poland was one of her own embarrassments, not her chief indeed, but she shared it with both the northern courts, and she has made them feel that they must sink, or swim with her. She

seized (if she did not make) her opportunity in the formidable Polish movement, which, however, very nearly escaped from her control. She gave the Poles Galicia as a base of operations, and worked the Cracow telegraph in their interest, and she hypocritically joined in the diplomatic demonstration of the Western Powers, if, indeed, she was not herself the first to propose it. And, on the other hand, the leaders of the revolt proclaimed in their manifestoes that, on no account, was Austrian Poland to be disturbed. They have found out, by this time, how dearly they have paid for the immoral bargain by which they thus played into her hands. As for her, she has, for this time at least, gained her point. She has made her sisters in sin aware that she knows where their vitals are, and has brought even the Czar to his senses by making him feel the cold knife at his heart. For the first time since 1848, she begins to breathe freely again; for the Holy Alliance, which her own Metternich so eagerly snatched from the hands of the Swiss Johanna Southcote and her Imperial Political Shiloh, that he might mould it into the Gospel of Absolution, is once more upon its legs.

How the peril may best be met, must be left to be considered in a future article. Meanwhile, our enemies themselves being judges, the best antidote to the poison is a cordial understanding between this country and France. This the liberal press throughout Europe has already instinctively perceived. If, however, the Western Powers are to serve as a rallying point for the oppressed powers and nationalities, and to publish, with a voice of thunder, the doctrine of *non-intervention all round*, they must not shrink from bearding the Alliance by a free development of their own political institutions. Surely, then, the time has gone by for snubbing reform here, and for such political prosecutions as have recently scandalized France.